

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MEANWHILE.

John, it will be remembered, left Moorfontain for Pretoria towards the end of December and with him went all the life and light of the place.

"Dear me, Bessie," said old Silas Croft on the evening after he had started, "the peace seems very dull without John," a remark in which Bessie, who was secretly weeping in the corner, heartily concurred.

Then, a few days after, came the news of the invasion of Pretoria, but no news of John. She was convinced that he had passed Standerton in safety, but beyond that nothing could be heard of him. Day after day passed, but no news, and at last, one evening, Bessie broke out in a passion of hysterical tears.

"What did you want him for?" she asked of her uncle. "It was ridiculous—I knew it was ridiculous. He could not help Jess or get her back; the most that could happen was that they both would be shot up together. And now he is dead—I know that those Boers have shot him—and it is all your fault! And if he is dead I will never speak to you again."

The old man retreated, somewhat dismayed at this outbreak, which was not at all in Bessie's nature.

"Ah, well," he said to himself, "that is the way of women; they turn into tigers about a man."

There may have been truth in this reflection, but a tiger is not a pleasant domestic pet, as poor Bessie found out during the next two months. The more Bessie thought about the matter the more incensed she grew at his having sent her lover away. Indeed, in a little while she quite forgot that she had herself acquiesced in his going. In short, her temper completely gave way under the strain, that at last her uncle scarcely dared to mention John's name.

Meanwhile things had been going as ill without as within. First of all—that was the day after John's departure—two or three loyal Boers and an English scoutmaster from Lake Chrissie, in New Scotland, on their way to the place and came and implored Bessie to stay with them. Bessie, who was yet very young, was very much flattered by the Boers would certainly shoot any Englishman who might be sufficiently defenceless. But the old man would not listen.

"I am an Englishman—civilis Romanus sum," he said, in his usual fashion, "and I do not believe that they will touch me, who have lived among them for twenty years. At any rate, I am not going to run away and leave my place at the mercy of a pack of thieves. If they shoot me they will have to reckon with England for the deed, so I expect that they will leave me alone. Bessie, you go if she likes, but I shall stop here and see them through, and there's an end of it."

Whereupon, Bessie having flatly declined to budge an inch, the loyalists departed in a hurry, metaphorically wringing their hands at such an exhibition of ill-placed confidence and unbecoming pride. This little scene occurred at dinner time, and after dinner old Silas proceeded to hunt for his fowls in another fashion. Going to a cupboard in his bedroom, he extracted an exceedingly large Union Jack, and promptly advanced with it to an open spot between two of the orange trees in front of the house, where a flagstaff was planted, formed of a very tall young blue gum, in such a position that it could be seen for miles around. On this flagstaff it was old Silas' habit to hoist the Union Jack on the queen's birthday, Christmas day and other state occasions.

"Now, Jan," he said, when he had bent on the flag, "run her up, and I'll cheer," and accordingly, as the broad flag floated out on the breeze, he took off his hat and waved it, and gave such a "hip, hip, hurrah!" in his stentorian tones that Bessie came running down from the house to see what was the matter. Nor was she satisfied with this, but, laying out a ladder, he placed it against the post and sent Bessie up by its rungs to fasten the rope on which the flag was bent about fifteen feet from the ground, so that nobody should get it to land it down.

"There," he said, "I've nailed my colors to the mast. That will show these gentry that an Englishman lives here."

"Confound their politics. Frigate their black tricks—God send the queen!"

"Amos," said Bessie, but she had her doubts about the wisdom of that Union Jack which, whenever the wind blew, streamed out in a visible danger not calculated to soothe the breast of excited patriots.

Indeed, two days after that, a patrol of three Boers, spying the ensign while yet a long way off, came galloping up in hot haste to see what it meant. Silas saw them coming, and, taking his rifle in his hand, went and stood beneath the flag, for which he had an almost superstitious veneration, feeling sure that they would not dare to meddle either with him or it.

"What is the meaning of this, Om Silas?" asked the leader of the three men, with all of whom he was perfectly acquainted.

"It means that an Englishman lives here, Jan," was the answer.

"Haul the dirty rag down," said the man.

"I will see you d—d first!" replied old Silas.

Thereupon the Boer dismounted and made for the flagstaff, only to find Uncle Croft's rifle in a direct line with his chest.

"You will have to shoot me, first, Jan," he said, and thereon, after some consultation, they left him and went away.

The fact was that, notwithstanding that he was an Englishman, Silas Croft was very popular with the Boers, most of whom had known him since they were children, and a member of whose veldt he had twice been. It was this personal popularity that he owed the fact that he was not turned out of his house and forced to choose between serving against his countrymen or being imprisoned and otherwise maltreated at the very commencement of the rebellion.

For a fortnight or more after this flag episode nothing of any importance happened, and then came the news of the crushing defeat at Laings Nek. At first Silas Croft would not believe the news. "No general could have been so much," he said; but soon the report was amply confirmed from native sources.

Another week passed, and with it came the news of the British defeat at Ingogo. The first he heard of it was on the morning of Feb. 8, when Janke brought a Kaffir up to the veranda at breakfast time. This Kaffir said that he had been watching the fight from a mountain; that the English were completely defeated in a fighting well, but that their men were tired, and that they would all be killed at night. The Boers, he said, were not suffering at all—the English could not shoot straight."

After hearing this they passed a sufficiently miserable day and evening. About 10 o'clock that night, however, a native spy Mr. Croft had dispatched came back with the report that the English general had got safely back to camp, having suffered heavily and abandoned his wounded, many of whom had died in the rain, for the night after the battle was wet.

That came another long pause, during which no reliable news reached them, though the news was thick with rumors, and old Silas was much happy by hearing that large reinforcements were on their way from England.

"Oh, Bessie, my dear, they will soon send another two now," he said, in great glee; "and what's more, it's about time they did. I can't understand what the soldiers have been about—I can't understand."

And so, week after week, till at last, one day, which Bessie

will never forget as long as she lives. It was the 20th of February—just a week before the first disaster at Majuba Hill. Bessie was standing by on the veranda, looking down the long avenue of blue gums, where the shadows formed a dark network to catch the wandering rays of light. The place looked very peaceful, and certainly no one could have known from its appearance that a bloody war was being waged within a few miles. The Kaffirs came and went about their work as usual, or made pretence so; but now and then a close observer might see them stop and look toward the Drakensberg and then say a few words to their neighbor about the wonderful thing that had come to pass that the Boers were beating the great white people who came out of the sea and shook the earth with their tread. Wherever the neighbor would take the opportunity to relax from toil and sweat and have a pinch of snuff, and relate in what particular collection of rocks on the hillside he and his wives slept the last night, for when the Boers are out on campaign the Kaffirs will not sleep in their huts for fear of being surprised and shot down. Then the pair would spend half an hour or so in speculation on what would be their fate when the Boers had eaten up the Englishmen and taken back the country, and finally came to the conclusion that they had better emigrate to Natal.

Bessie, on the veranda, noted all this going on, every now and again catching snatches of the lazy rascals' talk, which chimed in but too sadly with her own thoughts. Turning from it impatiently, she began to watch the hens marching solemnly about the drive, followed by their broods. This picture, too, had a singular background, for under an orange tree two rival cocks were fighting furiously. They always did this about once a week, nor did they cease from troubling till each retired, temporarily blinded, to the shade of a separate orange tree, where they spent the rest of the week in recovering, only to emerge when the cure was effected and to fight their battles over again. Meanwhile a third cock, young in years but old in wisdom, who steadily refused to fight when attacked, looked after the hens in dispute. Today the fight was particularly ferocious, and, fearing that the combatants would have no eyes left at all if she did not interfere, Bessie called to the old Boer bound who was lying in the sun on the veranda.

"Hi, Stomp, Stomp—hand them, Stomp!"

Up jumped Stomp and made a prodigious show of furiously attacking the combatant cocks; it was an operation to which he was used, and which afforded him constant amusement. Suddenly, however, as he dashed toward the trees he stopped midway, his simulated wrath ceased, and, instead, an expression of real disgust came upon his honest face. Then the hair along his back stood up like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, and he growled.

"A strange Kaffir, I expect," said Bessie to herself.

Stomp Intel strange Kaffirs. She had scarcely got the words out before they were justified by the appearance of a native. He was a villainous looking fellow, with one eye, and nothing on but a pair of ragged trousers, fastened round the waist with a greasy leather strap. In his wool, however, were stuck several small discoidal blades, such as are generally worn by medicine men and witch doctors. In his left hand he held a long stick cleft at the end. In the cleft was a letter.

"Come here, Stomp," said Bessie, and as she did so a wild hope shot across her heart like a meteor across the night; perhaps the letter was from John.

The dog obeyed her unwillingly enough, for he evidently did not like that Kaffir; and when he saw that Stomp was well out of the way the Kaffir himself followed. He was an insolent fellow, and took no notice of Bessie beyond snatching himself down upon the drive in front of her.

"What is it?" said Bessie, in Dutch, her lips trembling as she spoke.

"A letter," answered the nina.

"Give it to me."

"No, miss, not till I have looked at you to see if it is right. Light yellow hair that curls—oh, checking it on his fingers, "yes, that is right; large blue eyes—two, that is right; big and tall, and fair as a star—yes, the letter is for you, take it, and be poked the long stick up almost into her face.

"Where is it from?" asked Bessie, with sudden suspicion, receiving a step.

"Wakkerboom last."

"Who is it from?"

"Read it, and you will see."

Bessie took the letter, which was wrapped up in a piece of old newspaper, from the cleft of the stick and turned it over and over doubtfully. Most of us have a mistrust of strange looking letters, and this letter was unusually strange. To begin with, it had no address whatever on the dirty envelope, which was curious. In the second place, the envelope was sealed apparently with a three-penny bit.

"Are you sure it is for me?" asked Bessie.

"Yah, yah—sure, sure," answered the native, with a rude laugh. "There are not many such white girls in the Transvaal. I have made no mistake. I have 'smelt you out.' And he began to go through his catalogue—'Yellow hair that curls,' etc.—again.

Then Bessie opened the letter. Inside was an ordinary sheet of paper written over in a bold, firm, yet slightly unpractised writing that Bessie knew well enough, and the sight of which filled her with a presentiment of evil. It was Frank Muller's.

She turned sick and cold, but could not choose, and read as follows:

"DEAR MISS BESSIE—I am sorry to have to write to you; but though we have quarrelled lately, and also your good uncle, I think it my duty to do so, and send this to your hand by special runner. Yesterday was a sorry made by the poor folk in Pretoria, who are now as thin with hunger as the high veldt oxen just before spring. Our arms were again victorious; the redcoats ran away and left their ambulances in our hands, carrying with them many dead and wounded. Among the dead was the Capt. Niel."

Here Bessie gave a sort of choked cry, and

let the letter fall over the veranda, to one of the posts of which she clung with both hands.

The ill-favored native below grinned, and, picking the paper up, handed it to her.

She took it, feeling that the most kind all, and read on like one made in some ghastly dream.

"Who has been staying on your uncle's farm. I did not see him killed myself, but Jan Van-zyul shot him, and Red Dirk Oosthuizen and Cam—"

A Hottentot, saw them pick him up a ways—"

"For this I fear you will be sorry."

"I can't understand what the soldiers have been about—I can't understand."

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hope in the new circumstances that have arisen in the land to show him that I, for one, bear no grudge. Believe me, dear Miss Bessie, your humblest and devoted servant,
"FRANK MULLER."

Bessie then took the letter into the pocket of her dress and then again caught hold of the very end of the sun-veil to visibly take out of the day for her eyes and replace itself by a cold blackness in which there was no break. He was dead—her lover was dead! The glow had gone from her life as it seemed to be going from the day, and she was left desolate. She had no knowledge of how long the story thus, staring with wide eyes at the sunshine she could not see. She had lost her count of time; all things were phantasmagorical and unreal; all that she could realize was this one overpowering, crushing fact—John was dead!

"Missie," said the ill-favored messenger below, fixing his one eye upon her poor sorrow-stricken face and yawning.

There was no answer.

"Missie," he said again, "is there any answer? I must be going. I want to get back in time to see the Boers take Pretoria."

Bessie looked at him vaguely. "You are a messenger that needs no answer," she said. "What is it?"

The brute laughed. "No, I can't take a letter to the captain," he said; "I saw Jan Vanzyul shoot him. He fell so, and no suddenly collapsed all in a heap on the path, in imitation of a man struck dead by a bullet. 'I can't take him a message, missie,' he went on, rising, 'but one day you will be able to go and look for him yourself. I did not mean that; what I meant was that I could take a letter to Frank Muller. A live Boer is better than a dead Englishman; and Frank Muller will make his husband for any girl. If you shut your eyes you won't know the difference."

"Go!" said Bessie, in a choked voice, and pointing her hand toward the avenue.

Bessie vacantly watched him go. Then, as though struck by a thought, she turned and went into the sitting room.

"What is all this about, Bessie?" said her uncle, following her. "What does that man mean about Frank Muller?"

"It means, uncle dear," she said at last, in a voice that was something between a sob and a laugh, "that I am a widow before I am married. John is dead!"

"Dead! dead!" said the old man, putting his hand to his forehead and turning round in a dazed sort of fashion—"John dead?"

"Read the letter," said Bessie, handing him Frank Muller's missive.

The old man took it and read it. His hand shook so much that it took him a long while to come to the end of it.

"Good God!" he said at last, "what a blow! My poor Bessie, and he took her into his arms and kissed her. Suddenly a thought struck him. "Perhaps it is all one of Frank Muller's lies," he said, "or perhaps he made a mistake."

But Bessie made no answer. For the time, at any rate, hope had left her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANK MULLER'S FAMILIAR.

The study of the conflicting elements that go to make up character like Frank Muller's, however fascinating it might prove, is not one that can be attempted in detail here. Such a character in its developed form is fortunately practically impossible in a highly civilized country. The dead weight of the human mass around it. But those who have lived in the wild places of the earth will be acquainted with its prototypes, more especially in those places where a handful of a superior race rules over the dense thousands of an inferior. Solitudes are favorable to the production of strongly marked individualities. The companionship of highly developed men, on the contrary, whitens individualities away, the difference between their growth being the difference between the growth of a tree on a plain and a tree in the forest. On the plain the tree takes the humble bent of its nature. It springs in majesty toward the skies; it spreads itself around or it slants along the earth just as nature intended that it should, and in accordance with the power of the providential breath that bends it. In the forest it is different. There the tree grows toward the light wherever the light may be. Forced to modify its natural habit in obedience to the pressure of circumstances over which it has no control, it takes such form and height as its neighbors will allow to it, all its energies being directed to the preservation of life, in any shape and at any sacrifice. Thus it is with us all. Left to ourselves, or surrounded only by the scrubs of humanity, we become outwardly that which the spirit within would fashion us to be, but placed among our fellows, shackled by custom, restrained by law, pruned and bent by the force of public opinion, we grow as like one another as the fruit bushes in a garden wall. The study of our characters are fretted away by the friction of the crowd, and we become round and polished, not unbecomingly, in any rate, identical. We no longer resemble a solitary boulder on a plain, but are as a stone built into the great edifice of civilized society.

The place of a man like Frank Muller, at the junction of the waters of civilization and barbarism. Two civilized to possess those savage virtues which, such as they are, are rare in the quantity of human nature has thought fit to allow in the picture man, and too barbarous to be subject to the tender restraints of cultivated society, he is at once strong in the strength of both and weak in their weaknesses. Animated by the spirit of barbarism, superstition and almost entirely destitute of the spirit of civilization, mercy, he stands on the edge of both and an affront to both, as terrible a moral spectacle as the world can afford.

Had he been a little more civilized, with his power of evil trained by education and cynical reflection to defy the attacks of those gusts of unreasoning spiritual terror and unrestrainable passion that have their natural dwelling place in the savage mind of an uncivilized man, Frank Muller might have broken upon the world as a great person. Had he been a little more savage, a little further removed from the unconscious but present influence of a progressive race, he might have ground his claws down and unmercifully destroyed his life in the madness of his rage and lust, like an Attila or a Tuluca. As it was, he was half-bred between two forces, he did not realize, even when they swayed him, and thus at every step in his path toward a supremacy of evil an unseen power made stumbling blocks of weaknesses which, if that path had been flat along a little higher or a little lower level in the scale of circumstance, would themselves have been deadly weapons of overmastering force.

See him, as with his dark heart filled up with fears, he thunders along from the scene of midnight death and murder his brain had not feared to plan and his hand to execute. Onward his black horse strides, companioned by the storm, like a dark thought traveling on the wings of Night. He does not believe in any God, and yet the terrible fears that spring up in his soul, born fungus like from a dew of blood, take shape and form, and seem to cry aloud, "We are the messengers of the avenging God." He glances up. High on the black bosom of the storm the finger of the lightning is writing that awful name, and again, "again the voice of the thunder

reads it out about in spirit shaking accents. He shuts his dazed eyes, and even the falling rhythm of his horse's hoofs beat out "There is a God! there is a God!" from the silent earth on which they strike.

And so on through the tempest and the night, flying from that which no man can leave behind.

It was near midnight when Frank Muller drew rein at a wetted mud that perched by itself on the banks of the Vaal, and flanked on its rear by an equally miserable shed. The place was as silent as the grave; not even a dog barked.

"If that beast of a Kaffir is not here," he said aloud, "I will have him flogged to death. Hendrick! Hendrick!"

As he called, a form rose up at his very feet, causing the weary horse to start back so violently that he almost threw his rider to the ground.

"What in the name of the devil are you?" almost shrieked Frank Muller, whose nerves, indeed, were in no condition to stand fresh shocks.

"It is me, boss," said the form, at the same time throwing off a gray blanket in which it was enveloped, and revealing the villainous countenance of the one-eyed witch doctor who had taken the letter to Bessie, and who had for years been Muller's body servant, and followed him about like a dog.

"Curse you, you dog! What do you mean by hiding up like that? It is one of your infernal tricks; be careful—tapping his pistol case—"or I shall one day put an end to you and your witchcraft together."

"I am very sorry, boss," said the man, in a whine, "but half an hour ago I heard you coming. I don't know what is the matter with the air to-night, but it sounds as though twenty people were galloping after you. I could hear them all quite clear; first the big black horse, and then all those who came after, just as though they were hunting you; and so I came out and lay down to listen, and it was not till you were quite close that one by one the others stopped. Perhaps it was the devils who galloped."

"Curse you," stop that wretched talk," said Muller, his teeth chattering with fear and agitation. "Take the horse and clean and feed him well; he has gone about far and we start at dawn. Stop! tell me, where are the lights and the bandy? If you have drunk the brandy I will flog you."

"They are on the shelf on the left as you go in, boss, and there is flesh there, too, and bread."

Muller swung himself from the saddle and entered the hut, pushing open the creaky, broken hinged door with a kick. He found the box of Transvaal matches, and, after one or two false shots—due chiefly to his shivering hand—succeeded in getting five and lighting a coarse dip such as the Boers make out of mutton fat. Near the candle was a bottle of peach brandy two-thirds full, and a tin of pemmican and a jug of river water. Seizing the pemmican, he filled it half full of spirit, added a little water, and drank the mixture off. Then he took down the meat and bread from the same shelf, and, cutting some of each off with his chisel knife, tried to eat. But he could not eat much, and soon gave up the attempt, consoling himself instead with the brandy.

"Bah," he said, "the stuff tastes like hell fire," and he filled his pipe and set smoking.

Presently Hendrick came in to say that the horse was eating well, and was about to go again, when his master beckoned him to stop. The man was surprised, for Muller was not generally fond of his society, except when he wanted to consult him or get him to exercise his pretended art of divination; but the fact was that at that moment Frank Muller would have been glad to consult with a dog. The events of the night had brought this terrible man, steeped in iniquity from his youth up, down to the level of a child frightened at the dark. For a while he sat in silence, the Kaffir squatting on the ground at his feet. Presently, however, the dazed of powerful spirit took effect on him, and he began to talk more unguardedly than was his custom, even with his black "familiar," Hendrick.

"How long have you been here?" he asked of his retainer.

"About four days, boss."

"Did you take my letter to Om Croft?"

"Yah, boss. I gave it to the missie."

"What did she do?"

"She read it and then stood like this, holding on to the veranda pole, and to open his mouth and one eye, and twisted up his hideous countenance into a ghastly imitation of Bessie's sorrow-stricken face, catching hold of one of the posts that supported the hut to assist in the performance."

"So she believed it?"

"Surely."

"Well, we are going there to-morrow."

"So, boss! I knew that before you told me."

"We are going there, and we are going to take the place; and we are going to try Uncle Silas by court martial for flying an English flag, and if he is found guilty we are going to shoot him, Hendrick."

"So, boss," said the Kaffir, rubbing his hands in glee; "but will he be found guilty?"

"I don't know," murmured the white man, stroking his golden beard; "that will depend upon what misdeeds he has committed upon the verdict of the court," he added, by way of an afterthought.

"On the verdict of the court, but had he" bunched his wicked satellite. "On the verdict of the court, yes; yes, and the boss will be president, but had he? One needs no wit to guess the verdict. And if the court finds Uncle Silas guilty, who will do the shooting, boss?"

"I have not thought of that; the time has not come to think of it. It does not matter; anybody can carry out the sentence of the law."

"Boss," said the Kaffir, "I have done much for you and had little pay. I have done ugly things. I have read omens and made medicines, and 'smelt out' your enemies. Will you grant me a favor? Will you let me shoot Om Croft if the court finds him guilty? It is not much to ask, boss. I am a clever wizard, and deserve my pay."

"Why do you want to shoot him?"

"Because he flogged me once, years ago, for being a witch doctor, and the other day he hunted me off the place. Besides, it is so nice to shoot a white man. I should like it better," he went on, with a snarl of the lips, "if it were misdeeds, you set the dog on me. I would."

In a moment Frank Muller had the astonished Indian by the throat, and was kicking and shaking him as though he were a toy. He found that of Bessie had appealed to such manhood as he had in him, and whatever his own wickedness may have been, he was too manly in love with the woman to let her name be taken in vain by a man whom, though he held his "magic" in superstitious reverence, he yet ranked lower than a dog. With his nervous string to the highest possible state of tension, and half drunk as he was, Frank Muller was no more a person to be played with or irritated than a mad bull.

"You black beast!" he yelled, "if you ever dare to mention her name again like that I will kill you, for all your witchcraft," and he hurled him with such force up against the wall of the hut that the whole place shook. The man fell flat for a moment, groaning and cursing the name of his master.

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French Wants Reinforcements to Carry Out His Plans.

Much Depends Upon the Next Battle Near the Tugela River.

Seizure of Another German Steamer Has Caused Intense Bitterness.

London, Jan. 5.—The center of activity for the moment is apparently in the Colesberg district, where, so far as is ascertainable, there is a great deal of maneuvering and counter-maneuvering with little solid result. General J. D. P. French has asked for small reinforcements to enable him to capture Colesberg, which the Boers command, though some reports represent them as being in a tight corner with their line of retreat cut off.

These reinforcements have been dispatched from De Aar, and include both infantry and artillery. The Boers are said to have removed their laager out of range of the British guns, but are holding a strong position. The statement is made that two British guns command Norval's Pont, over the Orange river, and the Coleberg road bridge. As the Colesberg road bridge over the Orange river is put down on the maps as nearly 20 miles from Norval's Pont, the statement about the British guns is improbable.

It is fully expected that next week will see a heavy battle on the Tugela river, which is now the pivot of the campaign. The Boers appear to be working incessantly with shovel and pick.

Lord Methuen's cavalry scouting has developed the fact that the Boer entrenchments extend some 40 miles, far overlapping the British positions and making flank attacks exceedingly difficult. Military authorities affirm that the Boer trenches containing General Buller stretch away some 17 miles, and that work upon them is being unrelentingly.

The estimated force of the Boers on Buller's front is 25,000, with 50 or 60 guns. Buller's reinforced strength amounts to upwards of 25,000 infantry, 400 mounted men, half a dozen half irregular, 50 field guns, 20 siege and naval guns and 2000 artillerymen.

While the advance is delayed, flank movements are rendered most difficult, because long marches are not done with celerity and it is hard to time an attack with certainty.

The extent of the Dutch rising may now be measured looking a line from Prieska, on the west, to Heersel or Barkly, on the east. Along the whole of this line, except at points actually occupied by the British, the population seems for the most part hostile.

A dispatch from Berlin says: The Imperial mail steamer General has been detained at Aden as occupied by British troops, with the object of searching her cargo, which is to be discharged. The General is owned by the German East African line, the owners of the Bundesrath, previously captured by the British cruiser Magdane, off Delagoa bay.

The seizure of the General has considerably aggravated the situation here, and the indignation against England is intensified. The German press is still earnestly endeavoring to preserve correct official relations, but England will do well to hasten to make amends honorable to Germany. On absolutely reliable authority the correspondent of the Associated Press writes that Emperor William is now thoroughly aroused by the repeated seizures of vessels, not one of which has been assured, is guilty of carrying contraband. He regards the seizure as high-handed proceedings, which would not have dared undertake if the German navy were more powerful than it is.

His majesty is said to be particularly incensed, because information has reached him showing that the seizures were not due to the ordering of British naval officers, but to strict orders from headquarters. The officers are merely carrying out. He has, therefore, instructed Count von Buelow, the foreign secretary, to demand exact and full reparation for outrage done to the German flag.

No answer that considered satisfactory has yet been received from London, and, according to voices here, none is to be expected for several days longer. The latest news, however, induced the German government to send another and more strongly worded protest to London. Significant of the intensity of Germany's indignation against England in this matter is a declaration published by the German colonial society, among whose 50,000 members are a number of reigning German princes, which says:

"England's recent proceedings against German vessels are outrageous. The fact remains that the English feel for Germany, because of her policy in naval power, has taken such root that the commanders of English ships hasten to commit breaches of international rights so long as only many is thereby touched. This has led to the German flag being torn and speedily cured."

Indignation meetings have been called by branches of the social society. The German press, hardly an exception, thunders just England. Even the semi-official Berliner Post says: "It cannot be that the indignation aroused by willfulness of the seizures by British commanders is spreading in wider circles."

Diplomatists at Vienna seem to consider that Great Britain ought not to have searched a German steamer in the Suez Canal. The Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung says: "It looks if Great Britain cannot see for itself in question than for Germany to see the world that, although most busy on the land, she is the mercurial mistress of the sea, a demonstration which is more for the German nation, all the speeches of Emperor."

Purchase of Bonds Based Debt.
Washington, Jan. 5.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business, 50,155,910 the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,174,500,000, a decrease for the month of \$1,791,521. This decrease is largely accounted for by the sale of bonds during the month.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

COPY RIGHT 1899 BY THE PROCTOR & KENDALL CO. CHICAGO

Crane and Bates Take Oath of Office.

Boston, Jan. 5.—At 11 o'clock Wednesday the two branches of the legislature—the house and the senate—were assembled for the purpose of inaugurating Governor-elect Winthrop Murray Crane and Lieutenant Governor-elect John Lewis Bates. The house and senate assembled in their respective chambers, and the committees appointed to canvass the returns of the recent election then announced officially that Crane and Bates are governor and lieutenant governor for the year 1900. A committee of the house and senate was appointed. President Smith of the senate presiding over the two bodies in joint convention, notifying the governor-elect and lieutenant governor-elect of their election, and that the house and senate were awaiting their presence. The committee returned and reported, after which Captain Adams, with his staff of office, proceeded to the executive chamber and led the new state rulers to the hall of the house of representatives. They were accompanied by the justices of the supreme and superior courts, the staff, which this year is a military one, and following this pageant came the invited guests. Governor Crane read his inaugural address, after which both branches held separate sessions.

May Have Rubonic Plague.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Suffering from some disease which the physicians as yet have been unable to diagnose, a stowaway from the British steamship Fitzclarenc is held at the quarantine hospital, on

some of the crew there is some possibility that he may be suffering from the dread rubonic plague. The patient is an Austrian, about 21 years of age, named Martin, who came to this port last Friday as a stowaway on the steamship Fitzclarenc. The suspicious nature of the case has impelled the board of health to exercise all precaution. The Fitzclarenc has been thoroughly fumigated, and yesterday, in obedience to orders, she dropped down to quarantine, where she will remain for three or four days to test.

By Means of a Trick of Thieves.

Whittensville, Mass., Jan. 5.—Thieves broke into the house of George Nelson at Castle Hill Monday morning, and stole a safe containing \$225, after which they set fire to the dwelling, to cover their crime. Mr. Nelson got up early to go to the barn, only a short distance from the house. On his return he found his desk ransacked, everything in confusion, and the house on fire. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the crime. The whole affair is involved in mystery.

Victim of Assault Dies.

West Derry, N. H., Jan. 5.—Charles Clay, who, it is alleged, was assaulted at Chester on Dec. 28 by Edward Gifford, died yesterday. It is claimed that the assault with an ax took place while both of the men were under the influence of liquor. Gifford is 35 years of age and Clay was 18.

WAS QUICKLY DONE.

Cole Is Arraigned and Then Released on Bonds.

He Pleads Not Guilty to the Charge of Embezzlement.

Ex-Bank President's Return From California Was Entirely Voluntary on His Part.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank, who is charged with misappropriating \$200,000 of the funds of that institution, arrived in this city at 11:15 last night from Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of United States Marshal Osborne and Secret Service Agent Browne.

The party also included Mrs. Cole and their son, Edie, who had accompanied the ex-bank president during the entire period of his absence from Boston, some two months. Mrs. Cole was driven to a hotel, while the remainder of the party were hurried to the Federal building. Deputy Marshal Waters escorted Mr. Cole at once to Marshal Darling's room, where the personal friends who were active in arranging sureties were alone admitted, and the formal arrest was made by Mr. Waters, who served the warrant upon Mr. Cole, the latter undergoing the ordeal calmly.

After the formalities were over in Marshal Darling's office Mr. Cole was taken across the corridor into the United States district court room. No officer of the Globe bank was there to greet him. Some few curious people, a few of the Federal building employees, one or two city hall officials, the newspaper men, bailiffs and deputies made up the spectators. Marshal Osborne brought forth a bulky parcel of formidable looking papers and documents, upon which he made formal delivery and return to United States Marshal Darling. Cole took his seat directly in front of the court clerk's desk, and his son seated himself on the left, while Deputy Waters, as custodian of Cole, took the seat at the right hand of the prisoner.

Assistant District Attorney Casey held a long consultation with Benjamin W. Wells, a city employee, Geoffrey Morse, an attorney, and William Schofield, counsel for Cole, the result of which was that Morse, Wells and Morse were declared to be acceptable as bondsmen for the accused.

These preliminaries over adjournment was made to the courtroom, where United States Commissioner Fiske had already taken his seat. Proceeding at once to business the commissioner said: "Charles H. Cole, this is a complaint charging you with embezzlement."

"We waive the reading of the complaint," said Mr. Schofield.

Mr. Cole seemed perfectly self-possessed. He kept his eyes fixed on the commissioner, and at his query, "What say you to this complaint, guilty or not guilty?" he emphatically replied, "Not guilty."

Attorney Schofield said he would like a little time in which to prepare himself and consult his client and suggested a continuance until Jan. 15, to which the government consented, and the continuance was granted.

Bonds were then fixed at \$50,000, and Messrs. Morse and Wells qualified severally in the sum of \$25,000 as sureties. This being satisfactorily accomplished, there was more handshaking, and then Cole walked out of the courtroom with his son and Mr. Wells to rejoin Mrs. Cole at her hotel. It is anticipated that he may make his home at Hingham for the present.

Mr. Cole expressed confidence in his ability to meet the charges that have been made against him when his case comes to trial, and says he courts the fullest investigation that can be made of his transactions in connection with the Globe bank affairs.

In speaking of the warrant for Cole's arrest, a copy of which was sent to California, United States Marshal Osborne said that it was issued in the United States court for the district of Massachusetts and ran only to the deputy marshals and bailiffs of Massachusetts. It was not operative in California. In fact, Marshal Osborne said, Mr. Cole was not under arrest, but simply held under the provision of the law that provides for the holding of an accused person on bail. As he came voluntarily and agreed that he would come on to Boston and submit to prosecution here, the southern California marshal acted only on the telegraphed instructions from Attorney General Gifford to proceed with the captured fugitive, with a proper guard, to Boston.

SENSATIONAL AND TRAGIC.

Death's Hand Falls Upon a Woman While Testifying in Behalf of Her Husband.

New York, Jan. 5.—A most tragic occurrence took place yesterday in part 2 of general sessions court. The wife of a prisoner was stricken with apoplexy and cerebral hemorrhage while she was in the witness chair testifying to his innocence. She was carried unconscious and in a dying condition from the room.

The case was that of Louis Gordon, a Russian merchant, charged by Abraham Joffe, a clock maker, with the bribery of a clerk, valued at \$20. When Gordon took the stand in his own behalf a woman sitting next to him, who was identified as the wife of the accused, was called to testify. She half arose from the chair, uttered a cry, and fell. "It is not true, it is not true that my husband took the bribe. We are honest people, God knows. I met Joffe on the street three days before he had my husband arrested. My husband was with me. He passed and bowed. Why did he not say something then? Why—why—why?"

There was a gasp and the woman threw up her hands, fell back in the chair and died. The woman was borne from the courtroom with two tiny streams of blood issuing from her ears. Her eyes were closed and she was unconscious. Gordon wiped his hands and cried out that they had killed his wife and was prevented from rushing to her side. The judge, with the consent of the counsel, at once closed the case, and it was given to the jury. The latter retired in a few minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

Mrs. Gordon was taken to a hospital where the physician said she had had a stroke of apoplexy and a cerebral hemorrhage. She died at a late hour.

NEW

YORK

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Annual Meeting. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Newport National Bank will be held Tuesday, January 9, 1900, at 2:30 o'clock p.m., at the Banking House, Washington Square.

First National Bank. NEWPORT, R. I., December 6, 1899. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of the bank for the choice of directors, will be held Tuesday, January 9, 1900, from eleven to twelve o'clock M.

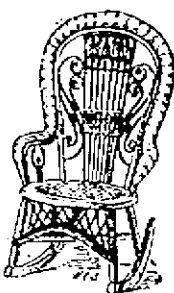
The National Exchange Bank. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the bank for the election of Directors, will be held at their Banking Room, 28 Washington Square, Tuesday, January 9, 1900, at 2 o'clock p.m.

The Island Savings Bank. A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of four per cent per annum, will be paid on all deposits entitled thereto, on and after January 15, 1900.

The Household Furniture Co.,

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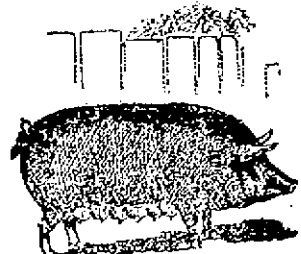


THE BACON HOG

It Pays to Breed and Feed for the Discriminating Markets.

The hogs demanded by discriminating markets at the present time are those weighing 180 to 225 lbs., with long and deep sides, hind legs and feet light shoulders with great depth of chest and wide between the fore legs, and with great head, with the testimony of power to parity and proper and of great vitality. The modern bacon hog is wide behind with strong back and great depth through the flanks, hams full and wide and well set down to look. A broad sort of such conformation will be more profitable, will have the functions of motherhood more pronounced, have greater progeny than any breed of form of hog at present in existence. Seldom does a true bacon sow farrow less than twelve pigs, and this is worth considering when the other breeds seldom average more than seven.

I think modern bacon-raising can be made one of the most profitable industries of the day. I believe there is a better opening just now for swine growing than for any other branch of live stock raising. There has been fully 10 per cent. more bacon consumed in 1898 than there has been in any previous year of the world's history. People had no idea what a choice morsel could be elaborated from the ubiquitous hog until modern packing appliances took the curing in hand. There is as much difference between a roll of modern bacon and the old-time pickled hunk as between the posterior hams and shank, and as a result, the mild cured hunk of the packing house is fast displacing beef as a meat for the great mass of the world's middle class. The change wrought in the bacon trade of late years is truly marvelous. Some ten or fifteen years ago



TYPICAL TAMWORTH SON.

bacon or otherwise salted pork was mainly eaten by the lower classes. Now, even those don't want to eat salted pork any more. The most common breakfast dish on the table of the well-to-do is that of fried bacon, while a small, long and lean ham of 12 to 14 pounds is almost invariably found on the sideboard and receives frequent attention. This unique change in the taste and fashion has been brought about chiefly by two causes—by the mild cure and by the evolution of that particular type of bacon hog of which the red Tamworth is the best representative.

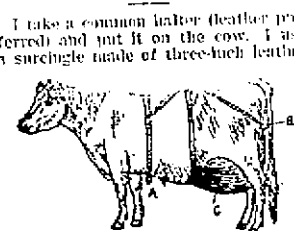
It is not remarkable then that the ideal bacon hogs fetch a much higher price than the thick, fat, clumsy hog, which has been described by some one as "antidote for bladders." This will, no doubt, be an incentive to the farmer to breed and feed the hog conformably to the demands of the packers. The Chicago packers are probably the most enterprising men in this particular line in the world. In the last year or two some of them have suggested to the swine raisers of the great Middle West to breed Tamworth hogs, but with little success. One leading Chicago packer keeps a buyer in Canada, who purchases bacon hogs right along, paying the Canadian swine raiser about 1 cent per pound above the price paid in Chicago. From facts before us the majority of hog breeders then either do not understand what the market demands or else stubbornly continue to raise a class of heavy, fat hogs, which are salable only at much lower prices.

The demand for heavy pork is limited compared to what it was some years ago.

Self-Sucking Cows.

Some time ago there was an inquiry in your paper for some method to prevent cows sucking themselves. I take here a thin piece of board, something that will not split very easily (I have used a piece of pine) and cut it into a shape that will fit over the udder and get soft in a short time and is no good, and fix it as shown in the diagram. Make the points smooth as possible so that it will not make the udder sore. When finished you will have to use a little force to spring it into the udder, but when once properly fitted I think the cow will cease to suck herself. I labor a great clumsy yoke for the poor cow to carry around; besides it will make her back sore.

Z. O. S.



E. D.

DEVICE FOR PREVENTING SUCKING.

around the neck, back of the fore legs. Put on a buckle and loop and make it fit snug enough so you can tighten it if necessary. Rivet a ring, say three to four inches in diameter, on a single. Rivet the ring on so you can use a stick not too heavy, about five feet long. Run this stick through the ring, have a snap fastened on end of stick and snap to latch lead ring. The ring on snare should be about even with hind lead ring on latter. Put stick on left side of cow so that it will be out of the way when milking.

Saline Co., Kan. H. W. Walzgraf.

"They say that electricity is a sure antidote for the sting of bees," said an electrical enthusiast.

"Yes, I've tried it," said the student.

"Really? How did it work?"

"Well, I got stung and it hurt so that I applied the electricity. After that I went over and sat down on a horse's nest to see if I couldn't get over the effects of the cure."—Detroit Free Press.

A WALKING GALLOWES

LIEUT. HEPENSTALL WHO HUNG MEN FROM HIS OWN NECK.

This Notorious Individual Was an Apothecary in Dublin—A Man of Splendid Physique, Six Feet and Two Inches Tall—Died in 1804.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year of 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieut. Edward Hepenstall, known by the nickname of "The Walking Gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir John Barrington, in his "Memoirs," states:

"I know him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold-blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

"At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial variety flourished in its stead, Lieut. Hepenstall hit upon the expedient of hanging from his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious traitors. At the present day the story seems most incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journals of the day, that when rebels either suspected or caught red-handed, were brought him, Hepenstall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off, and then rigging up a running gallows, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victim had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another."

"The 'Walking Gallows' was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crossbar. When a rope was not at hand, Hepenstall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute."

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant would frequently administer an anesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with Hepenstall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own, and then, when both were cheek to cheek by jowl, begin to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further solace about sublimity affairs. It was after one of these trotting executions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepenstall acquired the surname of "The Walking Gallows."

He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the forementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepenstall, however, did not long survive his aldermanic practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall.

Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.

—Baltimore Sun.

Simpson and Sulzer.

Jeery Simpson and William Sulzer of New York were at one time friends. They exchanged confidences and discussed ways and means by which the country might be saved from going to the den of the bow-wow, so to speak.

One day Gen. Henderson of Iowa, approached Representative Amos Cummings of New York.

"What kind of a man is Sulzer of New York?" he asked.

"What does he want?" said Cummings, by way of reply.

"Why, I have got an hour on such a measure, and Sulzer wants me to give him half of my time," said Henderson.

"Well," said Cummings, "Sulzer is my colleague, and it would be better for you, I think, to get an unbiased opinion of him. Go over and ask Simpson what he thinks of Sulzer; they have been as thick as thieves."

Henderson acted on this suggestion, and presently returned with a broad smile on his face. "Simpson says," he said, "that Sulzer is an all-around—"

The explanation of Simpson's hostility to Sulzer came later. It seems that when a certain matter was pending before the house Sulzer sought out Simpson and asked his views regarding it.

Mr. Simpson said that he expected to speak on the subject, and outlined his sentiments. Mr. Sulzer the next day got the floor ahead of Simpson and delivered the latter's speech.

Of course, Simpson was nonplussed, and naturally indignant. He did not speak on the measure himself, and from that time on his opinion of Mr. Sulzer was much more forcible than polite. "It was a dirty, mean trick," said Simpson, in referring to the matter. "I thought that Sulzer was my friend, but he has deceived me. He is a base, dishonest chump."—Washington Times.

History repeats along the Platte river in Nebraska is unique. In some places the river channel is seven-eighths of a mile wide and is full of little sandy islands where the water takes rise a foot or so above the surface. Col. J. H. Smith, on these islands. The two or three islands are said to exist there to

IRISH AT FOUNTENAY.

STORY OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF DILLON'S BRIGADE.

Victory Snatched From Defeat by the Valor of Irish's Grand Exit. English Hearted Back by Irish Day-ones—A Glorious Victory.

It might be supposed that the incidents of this famous battle have been sufficiently discussed and described to make them generally known, but the student of history, reading the English historian's account, is surprised to find no mention of Irishmen being at Fountenay at all. The French historians, with a sentiment of national pride, wish to appropriate to their soldiers, as far as possible, the honor of one of their proudest victories.

It is well, then, to establish the simple facts by reference to such authorities as are beyond suspicion. In April,



"LET THE WHOLE IRISH BRIGADE CHARGE."

1745, Marshal de Saxe, commander of the French army, opened trenches before Fontenoy, Holland. This place was very strongly fortified and defended by a Dutch garrison of 9,000 men, and Saxe appeared before it with an army of 60,000 men. The allies determined to raise the siege, and the Duke of Cumberland, son of George I. of England, took command of the allied forces—English, Dutch, Hanoverian and Austrian—numbering 56,000 of the finest troops in Europe.

On May 11, after severe firing of artillery on both sides from 5 in the morning till 10, the allies prepared to bring the contest to a decision. The Dutch and Austrians were on the enemy's left, opposite the French right, and destined to carry Antoine, the English and Hanoverians in the center, with their infantry in front and cavalry in the rear, close by the wood of Bant.

The three divisions moved, greater success attending the center. At the head of 15,000 the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by 20 pieces of cannon, forced his way into the French center. "There was one dreadful hour," says the Marquis d'Armenon, "in which we expected nothing less than a renewal of Fontenoy, our men being saved by the steadiness of the enemy. Then it was that we began to despair of our cause."

Marshal de Saxe, however, reconnoitered the formidable column, met with Colonel Lally, "a magnificent man, the devotion of the Irish brigade was not turned to account," and who, with the presence of mind to perceive, unlike others, that the much-talked progress of the column, since it had got beyond the artillery of the rebels and village into the midst of the French, was greatly owing to its employment of cannon as well as musketry.

Lally suggested to Richelieu, the common use of the French musketry. "This is the," says the French historian Michelet, "was lost without remedy if the Irishman Lally, animated by his belief in the English, had not proposed to break their column with cannon." As an "ambitious courtier," continues Michelet, "the duke appropriated to himself the idea and the glory of his success."

This move of the French proved of advantage for some time, but Saxe found that his batteries at Fontenoy had used all their balls and were only answering the enemy with discharges of powder. He believed the battle to be lost and sent several times to Louis XIV, entreating him to leave the field, but the king refused to do so. Marshal Saxe was now in mortal anxiety and thought the Irish brigade could be spared from where they were, and why not have them charge the enemy? Saxe, riding to where Louis stood viewing the battle, again advised him to fly, but Louis addressed his general thus: "Can anything be done to preserve the honor of France?" Saxe answered: "Yes, my liege. There is a gallant, intrepid band, the Irish brigade, upon which my hopes rest."

Summoning Count Dillon, Saxe said: "Dillon, let the whole Irish brigade charge! To you I commit its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow. Let the Irish brigade show an example." "It shall be done," replied Dillon. "Victory!" cried Saxe. "Or death!" cried Dillon, and, placing himself in front of his brave men, he made a speech of corresponding vigor to his soldiers: "March against the enemies of France and of yourselves without firing until you have the points of your bayonets upon their bellies. After these parting words the Irish brigade advanced against the right flank of the French. The English troops, who had been a uniform and the well-known

fair complexion of the Irish—soon as they saw the Irish brigade advancing against them with fixed bayonets and crying out to one another: 'Steady, boys! Forward! Charge!—too late they began to curse their cruelty, which forced so brave a people from their native country to seek their fortunes in every country and now brought forward in the field of battle to wrest from them both victory and life.'

That portion of the British immediately opposed to the Irish were a choice body of men, and they had the advantage of being upon a rising ground, the ascent to which they were to sweep with their musketry, while the Irish brigade had to ascend and charge the occupants of the eminence without pulling a trigger.

The Irish being now sufficiently near, the British prepared to give them that formidable repulse of bullets, which was reserved for the last moment, in order to be discharged with the more deadly effect. And by that fire the Irish suffered accordingly. Count Dillon and his brother Arthur were slain at the head of the family regiment, and a large number of officers and soldiers were likewise killed or wounded.

But this did not arrest the impetuous determination with which their more fortunate comrades pushed forward to the cry, in the old Celtic tongue, of 'Remember Limerick and Saxon portly!' Without any volley in reply to the blaze of shot from the English the Irish brigade ran in upon the British with fixed bayonets, thrusting them into their faces. What follows is best described by Davis:

Like lions leaping at a fold when met with human hands.

Bright up against the English line the Irish center sprang.

Bright was their steel. 'Tis bloody now; their purses are filled with gore.

Through shattered ranks and tattered files and trampled flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, pushed, rallied, staggered, fled—

The green hillside is reared close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous track.

While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun, With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

Of the 29 cannon belonging to the formidable allied column 15 pieces, with two colors, were among the recorded trophies of the Irish brigade, the first brigade of British foot guards, the best of England's soldiers, being specially noticed as losing a pair of colors and two horses.

Such was the conduct of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, where it is evident, as at Cremona, 43 years before, what they did to gain the day was of such consequence that but for them it would have been lost.

After the victory Louis caused his army to be rearranged and, leading it 700 yards beyond the ground occupied by the enemy, had it drawn out for review. The king rode through the ranks, bestowing on the several corps the praises which they merited.

As the royal cortege approached the Irish brigade the dauphin ran forward to the brave Lally, who, having been the first to enter, sword in hand, the enemy's column on its right, was wounded, though slightly, and was sitting on a drum in front of the shattered remains of his brave regiment, having on each side of him several English officers whom he had disabled and made prisoners.

The dauphin, announcing to Lally the favors intended for his regiment by the king, Louis then ordered Lally to advance in front of the army, nominating him brigadier on the field. The king and royal cortege then went through the camp of the Irish and thanked each corps, one after another, for the service it had rendered to France.

The allies lost 9,000 men, including 2,000 prisoners, and the French 5,000. Fontenoy cost the Irish brigade dear. The gallant Dillon was killed, with

one-fourth of the officers and one-third of the rank and file, but the immediate consequences to France were immense. When George II. heard of the defeat of the English, he exclaimed:

"Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects!"

Throughout France the Irish brigade was honored in every way possible.

When the news reached England, a spirit of animosity toward the Irish brigade for its triumph at Fontenoy was evoked. By way of retaliation an act was passed that all Irish soldiers and officers that had been in the service of France since Oct. 8, 1745, should be disabled from holding any real or personal property and that any reversion or expectancy should belong to the first Protestant discoverer.

Irish World.

"I feel as if I had wheels in my head!" groaned the man.

"I must be the truck you ate for dinner," rejoined his wife, innocently enough.—Detroit Journal.

CASEY'S RECORD.

"Old man Brigham Bowersox declares that he will run for Congress against Brigham Roberts next time," said an Utah man to another. "He says he can beat Robert's record all hollow."

"Yes; and you are afraid the guests will steal them, are you?"

"Not at all. I am afraid they will recognize them."—Life.

He Will Run Ahead.

"What on earth are you bringing all those umbrellas in here for?" asked Mrs. Van Fashion, as Mr. Van Fashion pulled into their bedroom with an armful of rain interceptors.

"Why, I thought that reception was due tonight."

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"I notice that one of the handwriting experts in the Mollin murder trial is a ruler of fancy fowls."

"That makes him familiar with the style of handwriting that looks like hen scratches, I suppose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ahead of all Competitors.

Pym's Pectoral

A Perfect and Safe Remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Croup.

A quick cure at a small price. Guaranteed to do as advertised or money refunded.

Large bottles 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., INC., Prop's Prop. Daily Post-Office.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In reading matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Material questions must always be given in full. 4. The number of the query and the number of the letter addressed to contributors must be forwarded, must be sent in plain stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its name. 5. Direct all communications to R. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, 1750-1900.

NEW LONDON, February 23, 1770.—Last week a privateer belonging to the enemy, was discovered on Saturday's Head by a pale of wind. She had, a few days ago, taken Capt. Giles Sage in a sloop bound to this port from the West Indies, with a valuable cargo on board. The privateer, on taking Capt. Sage, took him and people on board; who on this occasion have got their liberty.

Wednesday morning a fleet of above 30 sail of shipping, from the westward went down the Sound.

Wednesday evening the privateer brig Nancy, Captain Pinkham, returned into port from a cruise.

By Capt. Pinkham we learn that Capt. Billings, in the ship Governor Trumbull, lately landed a party of men on the island of Tadmor, and unfortunately killed two men killed and twenty-six made prisoners.

The whaler Hovege, Captain Champlin, has taken off Point Judith, and brought into Stonington, a sloop from Sag Harbor, bound to Newport, laden with wood and provisions.

Died at Groton, Mrs. Ledyard, consort of Ebenezer Ledyard, Esq.—Connecticut Gazette, Feb. 26, 1770.

NEWPORT, October 6, 1780.—Yesterday remitted arrived here from Philadelphia, his Excellency the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of France to these States.

On Tuesday last departed this life in the 70th year of his age, Mr. William Coddington, of this town: A gentleman who has sustained the office of Town Clerk for upwards of forty years with great integrity and to universal satisfaction. His remains were interred on Thursday last.

Last Saturday evening came on a storm, with the wind at N. E., which blew exceeding hard for five or six hours, but happily very little damage was done to the shipping in the harbor, except one transport, which was forced on shore at Brenton's Neck.

By a gentleman just arrived in town from head-quarters, we are informed that Major Andre, the late British spy, was executed there, at 12 o'clock, on Monday last.—We likewise learn that the trial of Mr. Smith, his conductor, was deferred for a few days.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

PROVIDENCE, October 5, 1780.—By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from New London, we are informed that Capt. Hart, of Saybrook, in Connecticut, being out on a cruise, in a private sloop, betidefalling, one day last week, ran in to Sandy Hook, to see Admiral Rodney's fleet; he passed the guardship under English colors; soon after which, being but a few miles from Admiral Rodney's ship, he discovered a sloop coming down with a number of soldiers on board, bound to relieve a guard at Sandy Hook Point; as soon as they were within gun-shot, he ordered them to come on board, but they refusing and attempting to run away, he ordered a few of his marines to fire into the sloop, and knocking open one of his gun ports threatened to sink her, on which they came along side, and Capt. Hart took the prisoners on board, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, and 40 privates, of the New Jersey volunteers, with whom and the prize Capt. Hart arrived at New London Saturday last.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS FROM OLD NEWPORT MERCURY.

(Continued.)

Sylvester, Joseph, Esquire, died last Wednesday, aged 57 years. MERCURY of July 17, 1780.

Sessions, Nathaniel, father of Hon. Darius, Deputy Governor of Rhode Island, died at Pomfret, Conn., aged 90 years. MERCURY of October 14, 1771.

Stoddard, Thomas, of Salisbury, Middletown, died December 17, 1772, at West Indies, aged 21 years.

Scott, John, Newport, R. I., died May 24, 1773.

Stafford, Joseph, Tiverton, R. I., a celebrated astrologer, died last week. MERCURY of May 31, 1773.

Sherman, Abraham, Dartmouth, Mass., died June 19, 1773.

Sherwood, Joseph, Colonial Agent at London, died June 1, 1773. MERCURY of August 16, 1774.

Seabury, Captain Benjamin, Little Compton, R. I., died September 11, 1773, aged 60 years. MERCURY of October 4, 1773.

Simon, Hannah, wife of Captain Peter, daughter of Rowland Robinson, Esq., South Kingstown, R. I., died October 30, 1773, aged 25 years. MERCURY of November 1, 1773.

Stanhope, Ralph, Newport, R. I., died January 3, 1774.

Stacey, Joseph, died Newport, R. I., March 14, 1774, aged about 50 years.

Stanton, Mr. Benjamin, died last Tuesday. "Found in gully near Baker's Spring, with head cut." MERCURY of April 25, 1771.

Sanford, Mrs. Content, Newport, R. I., died May 16, 1774.

Smith, Isaac, and Betsey Steadman, both of Middletown, R. I., married last Thursday. MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Smith, Mrs. Sarah, "mother of" Isaac, died about the same time. MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Sherman, Jabez, died last Thursday forenoon, at Dartmouth, Mass., aged 74 years. MERCURY of July 11, 1771.

Sowle, William, wife of Captain Henry, died Newport, R. I., August 8, 1774.

Stoneman, Abigail, of Newport, R. I., and Sir John, Knight of Malta, Captain of Cavalry, in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, married at Hampton, September 3, 1771.

Stinson, Mrs., wife of Robert, died May 29, 1773.

Stiles, Elizabeth, wife of Reverend Ezra, died this morning, aged 48 years, Newport, R. I., MERCURY of May 23, 1775.

Sherman, Eliza, died September 18, 1775, Newport, R. I.

Stevens, David, of Thomas, "drowned last Tuesday, from boat capsizing."

aged 11 years. MERCURY of October 2, 1775.

Sweet, Ruth, widow of Captain George, Newport, R. I., died February 2, 1782.

Sherman, Katharine, wife of Captain Ebenezer, Newport, R. I., died February 9, 1782.

Sherman, —, widow of Eliza, Newport, R. I., died July 6, 1782.

Spooner, Polly, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stanton, Nabby, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stall, John, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stanton, Ann, widow of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died September 28, 1782, aged 74 years.

Stiles, Rev. Ezra, and Mrs. Mary Checkley, widow of late William, Esq., Providence, R. I., "maiden name Cranston," married November 2, 1782.

Swinslow, Thomas, Newport, R. I., died "in a fit," May 21, 1784, very old.

Shrive, Mary, widow of late John, Portsmouth, R. I., died July 11, 1784, aged 10 years.

Stanhope, Henry, Edwin, British Navy, and Peggy Mathone, daughter of Captain Francis, Newport, R. I., married August 23, 1783.

Stevens, Joseph, Newport, R. I., died November 8, 1783.

Stewart, Frederick, Esq., Merchant, Island of Grenada, and Bridget Ahuy, of Tiverton, R. I., married December 2, 1781.

Sayles, Captain David, and Silence Whipple, of Captain Stephen, Smithfield, R. I., married March 6, 1781.

Smith, Benjamin, Bristol, R. I., died April 16, 1781, aged 57 years.

Stiles, Ezra, Esq., of Rev. Ezra, Attorney, North Carolina, died October 16, 1781, aged 25 years.

Sherman, Peleg and Avis Thurston, of Samuel, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1781.

Sheldon, Daniel, and Deborah Bailey of Constant, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1781.

Smith, Mrs. wife of Stephen, Bristol, R. I., died January 22, 1785.

Stanhope, Edward, and Polly Stall, of William, married February 3, 1785.

Sherman, Benjamin, Portsmouth, R. I., died March 5, 1785.

Stevens, John, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died May 7, 1785.

Sayer, Sarah, wife of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., May 10, 1785, aged 48 years.

Sherburne, Colonel Henry, and Catherine Tweedy, widow of William, Newport, R. I., married May 29, 1785.

Stundly, Captain Thomas, Newport, R. I., died July 9, 1785.

Sison, Mary, wife of Gideon, Newport, R. I., died July 28, 1785.

Stevens, Panny, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died at Newport, September 14, 1785, aged 19 years.

Saltonstall, Hon. Gideon, of New London, Conn., died at the residence of Thomas Munford, Esq., Norwich, October 8, 1785, aged 77 years.

Sanford, William, of Giles, Newport, R. I., died at sea, October 15, 1785.

Spaulding, Edward, Clockmaker, Providence, R. I., died December 26, 1755, aged 63 years.

Sprague, —, son of Eliza, Portsmouth, R. I., died May 22, 1784, aged 16 years.

Strange, Lott, Portsmouth, R. I., died June 6, 1784, aged 57 years. "He married Miss Hannah Hathaway, of Freetown, Mass., and had 14 children: second, Almy Tripp, of Abial, Portsmouth, R. I., and had two children."

Spencer, Benjamin, Esq., and Betsey Cornell, of George, Newport, R. I., married August 7, 1786.

Sayer, Joshua, and Betsey Davis, of William, Esq., of Newport, R. I., married August 28, 1786.

Slocum, Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died August 31, 1786, aged 50 years.

Streeter, Rev. Adam, Smithfield, R. I., died September 4, 1786.

Sheldon, William, and Esther Gavitt, South Kingstown, R. I., married January 21, 1791.

Sweet, Abigail, widow, Newport, R. I., died February 4, 1784.

Stevens, Captain William, late of Newport, R. I., died at Alexandria, Virginia, February 4, 1781.

QUERIES.

977. BARBER, SHERMAN—Peleg Barber, of Thomas and Mary (Hannay) Barber, of Thomas and Avis (Hannay) Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Wait) Barber, born 1761, died —? married Isabel Sherman. Whose daughter was she? I think she had a sister Sally. Would be pleased to learn the dates of her birth, marriage and death. Her first child Thomas was born in Hopkinton, R. I., October 24, 1783, followed by ten others, between 1783 and 1802.—B. J. P.

978. TANNER, BARBER—Whose daughter was Avis —, who married Thomas Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Wait) Barber? It has been given as Tanner. Can it be confirmed?—B. J. P.

979. PECKHAM, HATHAWAY—Rendell Peckham, son of Timothy and Dinah (—) Peckham, of John Jr. and Sarah (—) Peckham, of John and Elzior (—) Peckham, married December 16, 1780, Patience Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. They had children recorded:—1. Ruth, born September 5, 1781; 2. Patience, born February 13, 1783; 3. Timothy, born November 6, 1784.

I should like to know if there were others. Was this Rendell Peckham the man that removed from Dartmouth, Mass., and purchased land in Stonington, Conn., in 1748-49?—B. J. P.

980. RYGE, HUPKINS—Deborah Hopkins, daughter of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact, was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1622, and married in 1646, Andrew Ring, who was a child when his mother's will was made, in 1681. It is said they had a daughter Mary. Can any one tell me whom she married, and when? I should also like to learn the dates of her birth and death.—E. M. T.

981. BRACKETT, DRAKE—Anthony Brackett, son of Anthony, of Portsmouth, N. H., married first Anna Milton in 1679, and second, Susanna Drake, daughter of Abraham and Janet (—) Drake. Can any one tell me what the maiden name of Jane (—) Drake was, and anything about her parentage and family?—M. R. S.

982. LAMBERT—Can any one give me the parentage of John Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., who died July 50, 1727? What was his wife's name, and who were her parents? Where did she live? Any information concerning her family gratefully received.—S. C.

983. WHITE—Who was Mary, wife of Joseph White, of Taunton, Mass.?



-Absolutely Pure-

The housewife will find the Royal Baking Powder indispensable in making finest foods. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, the most healthful and pleasant of all fruit acids, and adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Many low priced imitation baking powders are in the market. These are made with alum, and can be taken to avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken into the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

She died about 1724, probably a little later. He died in 1724. He was the son of Nicholas White, of Taunton, Mass., and his wife Susannah Humphrey, of John. S. C.

981. HACKER—Joshua Hacker, born 1720, died April 8, 1791, married about 1742, Martha —, born 1725, died December 16, 1797. Who was she? They lived in Salem, Mass., and Providence, R. I.—A. T.

982. ALBRO, PORTER—Dorothy Potter, widow of Nathaniel, married for her second husband, John Albro. She was born 1697, died 2, 19, 1806. Can any one tell me her maiden name and parentage?—E. T.

983. SEALD, ALDRICH—Catherine Seal, born —, died about 1683, married, 9, 8, 1629, George Aldrich. Who was this Catherine Seal, and where did she come from? George Aldrich, born —, died 3, 1, 1683, lived in Dorchester, and later in Boston, Braintree, and Mendon, Mass. I should like the date of his birth, if possible. He came from Derbyshire, England, in 1631.—A. T.

984. LEARNED—Who can give me the date of William Learned's birth? He came from Bermuda, Surrey County, England, to Charlestown, and later lived in Woburn, Mass. He married Sarah —. What was her maiden name? He died 3, 1, 1646, and she died 1, 24, 1691. When were they married, and where? Was it in England? They had children: 1. Sarah, 2. Bethiah, born 1612, died —; 3. Mary; 4. Abigail, born 1618, died —; 5. Elizabeth, born 1621, died —; 6. Isaac. I should be glad to have the missing dates of death of the daughters.—B. N.

985. BUSECOT—Who was Peter Busecot, born —, died about 1692, married Mary —, who was born —, died after 1692. Who was she? Any information concerning them, I should be grateful for.—P. R. E.

986. MELWARD—Who was the wife of Simon Melward, who died 1775. The Coat of Arms of his family may be seen in the Essex Institute Historical Collections. Can any one tell me in which volume it is, and if there is any information relating to the family?—H. R. M.

987. WHEELER—Thomas Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., married Margaret Wheeler, 4, 13, 1618. She was born —, died 1678. I should like to learn her maiden name and her parentage. Can any one help me? He was born —, died 1665. Would like missing dates supplied.—F. S.

988. CROWELL—John Crowell, born —, died 1673, married Eliza —. Would like dates of her birth and death, and her parentage and maiden name. He was of Charlestown, Mass., and his wife came from England in 1651, and was received into the Church at Charlestown.—C. Y. M.

989. BARNESY—Edward Barnesy (no dates of birth, marriage or death) had daughter Mary, who married Gilbert Stoughton, of Thomas. Did Thomas Stoughton emigrate from England? Can any one give me the dates? I lack—W. F. L.

ANSWERS.

972. NILES, KENYON.—H. J. F. S. is quite sure of his dates. I cannot place Hannah Niles. If she was married 1735, she must have been born 1715 at most. This would place her in the third generation. There is no Hannah in this generation with the exception of Hannah, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary, and she was born 1725, and married Benjamin Redman, and as he lived to be one hundred years of age, and she was the mother of seven daughters, she is out of the question.

Also, if Samuel Rogers, father of Mary who married David Kenyon, was born 1724, he would have been but a few years younger than his son-in-law.

David Kenyon, born June 24, 1733. In the Richmond records William Kenyon and Hannah Niles married March 9, 1755. Their son David was born June 29, 1758. Now this Hannah would belong in the fourth generation, and could have been the daughter of Ebenezer and Sarah Kenyon (2d wife) Niles, Ebenezer and Sarah were married 1730. He died 1736. Though I can find no record of her birth, this is probably the place, as these Kenyons and Niles were all from Richmond, R. I.

Samuel Rogers of Newport, (John, James) married January, 1765, Lydia Holmes. He had a son Samuel born about 1711, or it may have been 1720. There was a Samuel Rogers baptised 1728, a descendant of Thomas Rogers of the Mayflower. This name Rogers gives possibilities for the Mayflower ancestors.—C. E. R.

The Newport Naval Reserve company gave a New Year's dance at the state armory Monday evening.

Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry arrived in this city Thursday evening.

OFFICE OF THE
Newport Gas Light Co.

December 29, 1899.
THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders will be held on Monday, January 8, 1900, at 10 o'clock.
A. K. QUINN,
Treasurer.

THERE IS QUITE A
SURPRISE PARTY

at the corner of
Bridge and Cross Sts.

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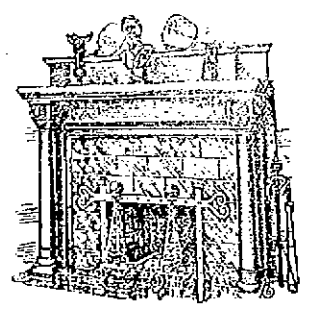
J. J. BROWN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

"I came pretty near getting engaged once."

"Why didn't you?"

"The day I made up my mind to propose to the girl a man came along and asked me to go fishing."—Chicago News.

Special Sale.



Largest Manufacturers and Dealers in New England. Large quantities of stock ordered early in the spring are just coming in, too late for the SUMMER TRADE. As we market this stock never to carry goods over we are making sweeping discounts in every department. You can save from

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TILES, FIREPLACE GOODS,

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11-25

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

NEWPORT, SC.

Clerk's Office, Supreme Court, Common Pleas Division.

SAMUEL E. ALMY, vs. ISAAC G. WHITE, et al.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested in the above entitled case to appear before said Court on Monday, the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1900, and show cause why said case should not be dismissed for non-prosecution.

By order of the Court.

CHARLES E. HARVEY, Clerk.

12-25w

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12-25w

Tiverton.

The Court of Probate and Town Council met at the Town Hall Monday and after considering the fact that Jan. 1st was a legal holiday adjourned until the second Monday in the month.

D. D. Grand Warden George R. Lawton of Mariner's Lodge, N. E. O. P., installed the officers of Marbone Lodge, N. E. O. P., at Newport Wednesday evening. Several members from Mariner's Lodge attended the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. White, guests of J. F. Harney and family for several months, left Tuesday for Pittsburg, Pa.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

What Is It?

A man who has been running a race with steam and electricity for years, finds himself suddenly stopped. It seems as if a cold hand clutched his heart. The brain whirls; he can hardly see. "What is it?" he asks himself as the attack passes.



If his question meets a right answer, he'll be told that his seizure is a warning to pay more attention to his stomach, which is already deranged by irregular meals and rich foods.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates from the blood disease breeding poisons. It makes the blood rich and pure, and furnishes a foundation for sound, physical health.

Keep the bowels healthy by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They don't grip.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West

Steamers PRECILLA and PURITA in combined line.

A fine orchestra on each.

Leave Newport week days only, at 10:15 p. m.

Due New York 7 a. m.

Returning, from New York steamers leave

Pier 10, N. E. foot of Warren street, week

days only at 5 p. m. Eastward steamer touch

at Newport, remaining there until 4:30 a. m.

For New York and steamers apply at 272

New York and Boston Express office, New

York street, J. L. Greene, General Agent.

J. H. JOHNSON, General Agent, N. Y.

Providence, Fall River & Newport

Steamboat Company.

On and after September 18,

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days 8 a. m. Leave Providence, week

days, 1 p. m. and 5 p. m.

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each way. Stop at Providence only on

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Extension Tickets, only 10 cents.

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Wickford 12:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

New York 1:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m.

Leave

New York 12:00 p. m. 4:00 p. m.

Wickford 1:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

Providence 2:00 p. m. 5:00 p. m.

Newport 3:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m.

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Jess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

then crept from the hut on his hands and

knees.

Muller sat cowering from under his bent

back, and watched him go. When he was

gone he rose and fastened the door behind

him, and then suddenly burst into tears; the

result, no doubt, of the mingled effects of the

drink, meat and physical exhaustion and the

never resting passion for a can scarcely

call it love that ate away at his heart like the

moon that death not.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he groaned, "I have

done it all for you. Surely you cannot be

angry when I have killed them all for you!

Oh, my darling, my darling! If you only

know how I love you! Oh, my darling! my

darling!" and in an agony of passion he lunged

himself down on the rough pulpit in the

corner of the hut and sobbed himself to sleep.

Somewhat Frank Muller's evil doing did not

make him any the happier, the fact of the

murder being that to enjoy wickedness a man

must be not only without conscience, but also

without passion. Now Frank Muller was

tormented with a very effective substitute for

the first, superstitious, and his life was literally

overwhelmed by the fear, for the beauty of a

girl possessed the power to dominate his

wildest moods and inflict upon him torments

that she herself was incapable of even imagin-

ing.

At the first light of dawn Hendrik crept

aboutly into the hut and woke his master,

and within half an hour they were across the

Vaal and on the road to Walkeston.

As the light increased so did Muller's spirits

rise, till at last, when the sun came up in

glory and swept away the shadows, he felt

as though all the load of guilt and fear that

lay on his heart had departed with them. He

could see now that the two loaves being killed

by a flash of lightning was a mere accident—

a happy accident, indeed; for had it not been

for that he himself would have had to kill

them, if he could not by any other means

have got the warrant from them. As it was

he had not forgotten the warrant, but it did not

matter much, he reflected. Nobody would

be likely to find the bodies of the two men

and hence under the lonely bank there. Cer-

tainly they would not be found until the

antelope had picked them clean. They

would be at work upon them by now. And

if they were found it was probable that the

paper would have rotted or blown away, or

at the worst, so discolored as to be unrecog-

nizable. For the rest, there was nothing to con-

nect him with the murder, now that the two

necessaries were dead. Hendrik would prove

an alibi for him. He was a useful man,

Hendrik. Bessie, who would be a good

man, a murderer. Two men were working an

Englishman to the river, somehow they be-

came involved in a quarrel, the Englishman

shot him, and they shot the Englishman and

his companion. Then the horses plunged

into the Vaal and upset the cart, and there

they lay dead. He could see now how well

things had gone for him. He was practically

placed beyond suspicion.

And then he felt to thinking of the fruits of

his honest labors, and his cheek grew warm

with the thought of the future. In two days

fourteen hours—at the outside, Bessie would

be in his arms. He could not miscarry now; he

was in absolute command there. Bessie,

Hendrik had read it in his own long ago.

Moonlight should be storned on the morn-

ing if that were necessary, and On Silas

Craft and Bessie should be taken prisoners

and then he would take her. There could be

no legal consequences from that now that the

British government was surrendering. It

would be a mere technicality to shoot a rebel

Englishman.

Yes, it was all plain sailing now. How

long had it taken him to win her—three

years! He had loved her for three years.

Well, he would have his reward; and then,

his mind at rest about his passion, he would

turn it to those far reaching, ambitious

schemes of which the end was something like

STANLEY'S NEW ANECDOTES

He illustrates the ignorance about Africa 21 Years Ago.

It is twenty-one years since Henry M. Stanley's celebrated book "Through the Dark Continent" was printed. It told the thrilling story of his journey through Africa, in which he made his way from the Congo to the Nile and back to the sea. A new edition of the book is about to appear, and it tells of the progress of the continent since he left it.

When the map of Africa was first published, it was a blank. The regions described in the book, the geographers, writers, of the time, and the first half of it has appeared in the Movement Geographical in the form of the appearance of the book. A few extracts from this part of the preface are reproduced here. Obviously, Mr. Stanley's exact language cannot be given, as the extracts are translated from the French.

"As a striking instance of the general indifference in Great Britain to all I had written about Africa in the year 1878 (when this book appeared) I remember an interview between two members of the council of the Royal Geographical Society and myself. The gentlemen were calling on me, and one of them, observing my manuscript and the annotation I had made along the river's course, turned to me with the remark:

"How long do you think it will be before a white man sees Stanley Falls again?"

"Perhaps two or three years," I replied.

"Two or three years!" he exclaimed. "Why, I expected to hear you say fifty years at least."

"Fifty years!" said I. "I am ready to wager that within twenty years there will be no part of the continent 500 miles square that will not have been explored."

"I accept the wager, and will make the sum \$50, if agreeable to you," said my visitor.

"The bet was made, the twenty years have at last expired, and, though I do not pretend to say that I have won the bet, I do assure that my prediction has been almost completely confirmed by the facts.

"The same year Sir Rutherford Alcock, president of the Royal Geographical Society, remarked in his annual address that I had expressed the opinion to him that if sufficient money were expended Africa could not only be explored but also pacified and civilized. I did not think there was anything surprising in the statement, but Sir Rutherford must have thought it worthy of reproduction or he would not have mentioned it. I speak of the matter now to show the prevailing ignorance in all circles at that time of matters relating to Africa.

"Seven years later I was introduced by a captain of Westminster as a well known shipowner, and as I was talking to him about the Congo he smilingly remarked:

"This is all very interesting, but, to tell the truth, I do not know that I should be able to find the Congo on the map."

"You may imagine my surprise. All the newspapers of the country had been printing every day for a year news of one sort or another about the Berlin conference and its results, and I certainly supposed that a prince of the church would know something about it. But his indifference to the large events that were passing in Africa was so great that he did not even know the name of the Congo!"—New York Sun.

Turkey Rearing.

As soon as the young turkeys or poults are all hatched, remove with their mother to a warm coop, which should be fumigated or whitewashed. Select an elevated spot, well drained. They should be confined at least 20 days, when they may be allowed to go out an hour or two when the dew is off the grass, but must not be allowed to become chilled. Visit each coop every evening and see that every poul is covered by the hen.

During the first two weeks of existence they should be fed at least five times a day, a diet consisting of bread and milk and egg custard made of egg stirred into sweet milk, with a slight sprinkling of pepper. This is especially fitted by them, and also table scraps and crumbs. Shred onion tops and dandelion leaves are enough in the vegetable line until they are allowed the run. Their food should be served in small quantities. The utensils used and coops should be kept clean. If turkeys are very susceptible to flies, as the different breeds are, it will be necessary to separate at night, giving each hen about eight poults, that being the number she can cover well. When wanted or left by the hen mother, they can be enclosed in one coop, as desired. I used coops with open fronts and floors of wood, although we prefer to have coops placed on short grass, changing every day to a fresh place, but having lost a number of chickens by weasels underlining and entering the coops, we have since used those with floors of wood.

A. C. McPherson, Athens Co., O.

Novel Temperance Scheme

A manufacturer at Three Oaks, Ind., has just inaugurated a temperance reform in that town that is at once novel and apparently practicable. This man, who has several hundred employees, recently offered to pay into the village treasury annually an amount equal to the license fees derived from the saloons if the authorities would abolish the saloons and make the threatened to remove his factory to another town.

The proposition was submitted to the council, and it in turn referred the matter to the people at a special election. The result was an overwhelming victory for temperance. The saloons will be closed, the village treasury will receive the annual payment promised, and the factory will not be removed.

Of course it is not difficult to understand why this manufacturer desired abolition of the saloons. He probably realized that he could get better work from his employees if they were sober, and he will doubtless have seen that the money paid for the license of the saloons is well invested.

His Explanation Went

"You were looking for a houseless carriage run at a great rate of speed."

"Well, you see, judge, it was the first time she had been out of the stable for a month, and that idiotic new hostler of mine gave her a double allowance of kerosene, and besides this, I was trying to drive her without blinders, and—"

"Discharged. Next case"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I never knewed till now, Willie, de utter knowlessness of me situation. While I'm smoking dis cigar everything I get it dis world is clear up in smoke."

Good Cookery

COPYRIGHTED.

FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

By Christine Loomis.

(Continued from page 1.)

When the age of eight or nine is reached, the child should be able to make a simple dish, such as a boiled egg, or a slice of bread and butter, or a slice of meat and potatoes. The child should be encouraged to make these dishes, and to serve them to the family. This will not only teach the child to cook, but will also teach him to be helpful and to take responsibility for his own actions.

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The child should be encouraged to

NEAR COLESBERG.

French Wants Reinforcements to Carry Out His Plans.

Much Depends Upon the Next Battle Near the Tugela River.

Seizure of Another German Steamer Has Caused Intense Bitterness.

London, Jan. 5.—The center of activity for the moment is apparently in the Colenso district, where, so far as is ascertainable, there is a great deal of maneuvering and counter-maneuvering with little solid result. General J. D. French has asked for small reinforcements to enable him to capture Colenso, which the Boers command, though some reports represent them as being in a tight corner with their line of retreat cut off.

These reinforcements have been dispatched from De Aar, and include both infantry and artillery. The Boers are said to have removed their laager out of range of the British guns, but are holding a strong position. The statement is made that two British guns command Norval's Pont, over the Orange river, and the Colenso road bridge. As the Colenso road bridge over the Orange river is put down on the maps as nearly 20 miles from Norval's Pont, the statement about the British guns is improbable.

It is fully expected that next week will see a heavy battle on the Tugela river, which is now the real pivot of the campaign. The Boers appear to be working incessantly with shovel and pick.

Lord Methuen's cavalry scouting has developed the fact that the Boer outposts extend some 40 miles, far overlapping the British positions and making flank attacks exceedingly difficult. Military analysis affirms that the Boer trenches confronting General Buller stretch away some 15 miles, and that work upon them is pushed unceasingly.

The estimated force of the Boers on Buller's front is 25,000, with 50 or 60 guns. Buller's reinforced strength amounts to upwards of 25,000 infantry, 40 mounted men, half regular and half irregular, 50 field guns, 20 siege and naval guns and 2000 artillerymen.

While the advance is delayed, flank movements are rendered most difficult, because long marches are not done with celerity and it is hard to time an attack with certainty.

The extent of the Dutch rising may now be measured by taking a line from Pretoria, on the west, to Hirschel or Barkly, on the east. Along the whole of this line, except at points actually occupied by the British, the population seems for the most part hostile.

A dispatch from Berlin says: The Imperial mail steamer General has been detained at Aden and occupied by British troops, with the object of searching her cargo, which is to be discharged. The General is owned by the German East African line, the owners of the Humberg, previously captured by the British cruiser Magicienne, off Delagoa bay.

The seizure of the General has considerably aggravated the situation here, and the indignation against England is intensified. The government is still earnestly endeavoring to preserve correct official relations, but England will do well to hasten to make amends honorable to Germany. On absolutely reliable authority the correspondent of the Associated Press learns that Emperor William is now thoroughly aroused by the repeated seizures of vessels, not one of which he has been assured, is guilty of carrying contraband. He regards the seizures as high-handed proceedings, which England would not have dared undertake if the German navy were more powerful than it is.

His majesty is said to be particularly incensed, because information has reached him showing that the seizures were not due to the blundering of British naval officers, but to strict orders from headquarters, which the officers are merely carrying out. He has, therefore, instructed Count Von Buelow, the foreign secretary, to demand exact and full reparation for the outrage done to the German flag.

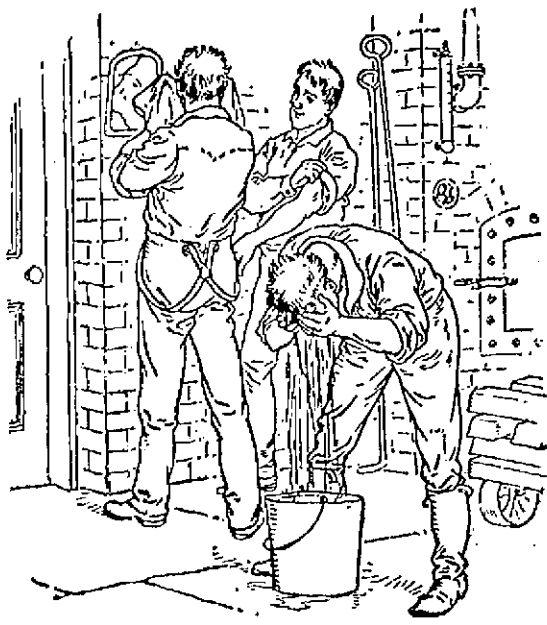
No answer that is considered satisfactory has yet been received from London, and, according to advices here, none is to be expected for several days longer. The latest news, however, induced the German government to send another and more strongly worded protest to London. Significant of the intensity of Germany's indignation against England in this matter is a declaration published by the German Colonial society, among whose 50,000 members are a number of reigning German princes, which says:

"England's recent proceedings against German vessels are an outrage. The fact remains that the small respect which the English people feel for Germany, because of her deficiency in naval power, has taken such deep root that the commanders of English warships hasten to commit breaches of international rights so long as only Germany is thereby touched. This lack of fear to touch the German flag must be thoroughly and speedily cured."

Indignation meetings have been called by branches of the Colonial society. The German press, with hardly an exception, thunders against England. Even the semi-official Berliner Post says: "It cannot be denied that the indignation aroused by the willfulness of the seizures by British commanders is spreading in wider and wider circles."

Diplomats at Vienna seem to consider that Great Britain ought not to have searched a German steamer in the Suez canal. The Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung says: "It looks as if Great Britain cannot last for long in question than for discussion as to the world that, although most unbecomingly on the way, a denunciation which will do more for the German navy than all the speeches of Emperor William."

Purchase of Bonds Decreased Debt. Washington, Jan. 5.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business Dec. 30, 1899, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,154,591,000, a decrease for the month of \$5,511,524. This decrease is largely accounted for by the purchase of bonds during the month.



Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

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Crane and Bates Take Oath of Office.

Boston, Jan. 5.—At 11 o'clock Wednesday the two branches of the legislature—the house and the senate—were assembled for the purpose of inaugurating Governor-elect Winthrop Murray Crane and Lieutenant Governor-elect John Lewis Bates. The house and senate assembled in their respective chambers, and the committees appointed to canvass the returns of the recent election then announced officially that Crane and Bates are governor and lieutenant governor for the year 1900. A committee of the house and senate was appointed. President Smith of the senate presiding, over the two bodies in joint convention, notifying the governor and lieutenant governor of their election, and that the house and senate were awaiting their presence. The committee returned and reported, after which Captain Adams, with his staff of office, proceeded to the executive chamber and led the new state rulers to the hall of the house of representatives. They were accompanied by the justices of the supreme and superior courts, the staff, which this year is a military one, and following this pageant came the invited guests. Governor Crane read his inaugural address, after which both branches held separate sessions.

May Have Bubonic Plague. Boston, Jan. 5.—Suffering from some disease which the physicians say yet have been unable to diagnose, a stowaway from the British steamer Fitzclarence is held at the quarantine hospital, on

the ship. It is said to be suffering from the bubonic plague. The patient is an Austrian, about 25 years of age, named Mapton, who came to this port last Friday as a stowaway on the steamship Fitzclarence. The suspicious nature of the case has impelled the board of health to exercise all precaution. The Fitzclarence has been thoroughly fumigated, and yesterday, in obedience to orders, she dropped down to quarantine, where she will remain for three or four days longer.

New Victims of a Gang of Thieves. Waltham, Mass., Jan. 5.—Thieves broke into the house of George Nelson at Castle Hill Monday morning, and stole a safe containing \$1,200, after which they set fire to the dwelling, to cover their crime. Mr. Nelson got up early to go to the barn, only a short distance from the house. On his return he found his desk ransacked, everything in confusion, and the house on fire. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the crime. The whole affair is involved in mystery.

Victim of Assault Dies. West Derry, N. H., Jan. 5.—Charles Clay, who, it is alleged, was assaulted at Chester on Dec. 25 by Edward Gifford, died yesterday. It is claimed that the assault with an ax took place while both of the men were under the influence of liquor. Gifford is 35 years of age and Clay 35.

WAS QUICKLY DONE.

Cole Is Arraigned and Then Released on Bonds.

He Pleads Not Guilty to the Charge of Embezzlement.

Ex-Bank President's Return From California Was Entirely Voluntary on His Part.

Boston, Jan. 5.—Charles H. Cole, former president of the Globe National bank, who is charged with misappropriating \$50,000 of the funds of that institution, arrived in this city at 5:45 last night from Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of United States Marshal Osborne and Secret Service Agent Browne.

The party also included Mrs. Cole and their son, Eddie, who had accompanied the ex-bank president during the entire period of his absence from Boston, some two months. Mrs. Cole was driven to a hotel, while the remainder of the party were hurried to the federal building. Deputy Marshal Waters escorted Mr. Cole at once to Marshal Darling's room, where the personal friends who were active in arranging sureties were alone admitted, and the formal arrest was made by Mr. Waters, who served the warrant upon Mr. Cole, the latter undergoing the ordeal calmly.

After the formalities were over in Marshal Darling's office Mr. Cole was taken across the corridor into the United States district court room. No officer of the Globe bank was there to greet him. Some few curious people, a few of the federal building employees, one or two city hall officials, the newspaper men, bailiffs and deputies made up the spectators. Marshal Osborne brought forth a bulky parcel of formidable looking papers and documents, upon which he made formal delivery and return to United States Marshal Darling. Cole took his seat directly in front of the court clerk's desk, and his son seated himself on the left, while Deputy Waters, as custodian of Cole, took the seat at the right hand of the prisoner.

Assistant District Attorney Casey held a long consultation with Benjamin W. Wells, a city employee; Geoffrey Morse, an attorney; and William Schofield, counsel for Cole, the result of which was that Messrs. Wells and Morse were deputed to be acceptable as bailsmen for the accused.

These preliminaries over adjournment was made to the courtroom, where United States Commissioner Fiske had already taken his seat. Proceeding at once to business the commissioner said:

"Charles H. Cole, this is a complaint charging you with embezzlement."

"We waive the reading of the complaint," said Mr. Schofield.

Mr. Cole seemed perfectly self-possessed. He kept his eyes fixed on the commissioner, and at his query, "What say you to this complaint, guilty or not guilty?" he emphatically replied, "Not guilty."

Attorney Schofield said he would like a little time in which to prepare himself and consult his client and suggested a continuance until Jan. 18, to which the government consented, and the continuance was granted.

Bonds were then fixed at \$50,000, and Messrs. Morse and Wells qualified severally in the sum of \$25,000 as sureties. This being satisfactorily accomplished, there was more handshaking, and then Cole walked out of the courtroom with his son and Mr. Wells to rejoin Mrs. Cole at her hotel. It is anticipated that he may make his home at Hingham for the present.

Mr. Cole expresses confidence in his ability to meet the charges that have been made against him when his case comes to trial, and says he counts the fullest investigation that can be made of his transactions in connection with the Globe bank affairs.

In speaking of the warrant for Cole's arrest, a copy of which was sent to California, United States Marshal Osborne said that it was issued in the United States court for the district of Massachusetts and ran only to the deputy marshals and bailiffs of Massachusetts. It was not operative in California. In fact, Marshal Osborne said, Mr. Cole was not under arrest, but simply held under the provision of the law that provides for the holding of an accused person on behalf. As he came voluntarily and agreed that he would come on to Boston and submit to prosecution here, the southern California marshal acted only on the telegraphic instructions from Attorney General Fiske to proceed with the ex-president, with a proper guard, to Boston.

SENSATIONAL AND TRAGIC.

Death's Hand Falls Upon a Woman While Testifying in Behalf of Her Husband.

New York, Jan. 5.—A most tragic occurrence took place yesterday in part of a general sessions court. The wife of a prisoner was stricken with apoplexy and cerebral hemorrhage while she was in the witness chair testifying to his innocence. She was carried unconscious and in a dying condition from the room.

The case was that of Louis Gordon, a Russian mechanic, charged by Abraham Joffe, a cloak maker, with the larceny of a chain valued at \$50. When Gordon took the stand in his own behalf and voluntarily denied the charge his wife, Mary, a small woman with a face that betokened suffering and pain, grew excited. Finally when she herself was called to testify she half arose from the chair, and as if delirious, said: "It is not true, it is not true that my husband took the chain. We are honest people, God knows. I met Joffe on the street three days before he had my husband arrested. My husband was with me. He passed and bowed. Why did he not say something then? Why—why—why?"

There was a gasp and the woman threw up her hands, fell back in the chair and died. The woman was borne from the courtroom with two tins of blood issuing from her ears. Her eyes were closed and she was unconscious. Gordon wept his hands and cried out that they had killed his wife and was prevented from rushing to her side. The judge, with the consent of the counsel at once closed the case and it was given to the jury. The latter returned a few minutes with a verdict of acquittal.

Mrs. Gordon was taken to a hospital where the physician said she had had a stroke of apoplexy and a cerebral hemorrhage. She died at a telephone

NEW

YORK

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Annual Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Newport National Bank will be held Tuesday, January 9, 1900, at 8:30 o'clock a.m., at the Banking House, Washington Square.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of this bank, for the election of Directors, will be held at their Banking Room, 18 Washington Square, Tuesday, January 9, 1900, at 3 o'clock p.m.

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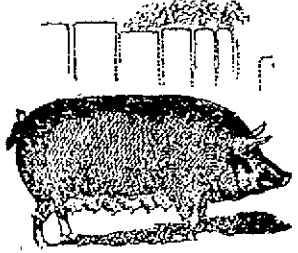


THE BACON HOG

It Pays to Breed and Feed for the Discriminating Markets.

The hogs demanded by discriminating markets at the present time are those weighing 160 to 225 lbs., with long and deep sides, light head and jaw, light shoulders with great depth of chest and wide between the forward legs, and with great length, the testimony of power to purify and propel and of great vitality. The modern bacon hog is wide bodied with strong back and great depth through the flanks, hams full and wide and well let down to hock. A broad sow of such conformation will be more profitable than the fat hog. The functions of motherhood more pronounced, have greater progeny than any breed or form of hog at present in existence. Seldom does a true bacon sow farrow less than twelve pigs, and this is worth considering when the other breeds seldom average more than seven.

I think modern swine-raising can be made one of the most profitable industries of the day. I believe there is a better opening just now for swine-growing than for any other branch of live stock raising. There has been fully 40 per cent. more bacon consumed in 1898 than there has been in any previous year of the world's history. People had no idea what a choice morsel could be elaborated from the ubiquitous hog until modern packing appliances took the curing in hand. There is as much difference between a rail of modern bacon and the old-time pickled hunk as between the butterhouse and shank, and, as a result, the mild cured bacon of the packing house is fast displacing beef as a meat for the great mass of the world's middle class. The change wrought in the bacon made of late years is truly marvelous. Some ten or fifteen years ago



TYPICAL TAMWORTH SOW.

bacon or otherwise salted pork was mainly raised by the lower classes. Now, even these don't want to eat salted pork any more. The most common breakfast dish on the table of the well-to-do is that of fried bacon, while a small, long and lean ham of 12 to 15 pounds is almost invariably found on the sideboard and receives frequent attention. This unique change in the taste and fashion has been brought about chiefly by two causes—by the mild cure and by the evolution of that particular type of bacon hog of which the red Tamworth is the best representative.

It is not remarkable then that the ideal bacon hogs fetch a much higher price than the thick, fat, clunky hog, which has been described by some one as "an animatedlard bladders." This will, no doubt, be an incentive to the farmer to breed and feed the hog conformably to the demands of the packers. The Chicago packers are probably the most enterprising men in this particular line in the world. In the last year or two some of them have suggested to the swine raisers of the great Middle West to breed bacon hogs, but with little success. One leading Chicago packer keeps a large line in Canada, who purchases bacon hogs right along, paying the Canadian swine raiser about 1 cent per pound above the price paid in Chicago. From facts before us the majority of hog breeders there either do not understand what the market demands or else stubbornly continue to raise a class of heavy, fat hogs, which are salable only at much lower prices.

The demand for heavy pork is limited compared to what it was some years ago.

Self-Sucking Cows.

Some time ago there was an inquiry in your paper for some method to prevent cows sucking themselves. I take a thin piece of board, something that will not split very easily (I have used a hard piece of soleboard) but that gets soft in a short time and is not gnawed, and fix it as shown in the diagram. Make the points smooth as possible so that it will not make the cow sore. When finished you will have to use a little force to spring it into the nose, but when once properly fitted I think the cow will cease to suck herself. I abhor a great clumsy yoke for the poor cow to carry around; besides it will make her neck sore.

Z. O. S.

I take a common halter (leather preferred) and put it on the cow. I use a surcingle made of three-inch leather



MEANS FOR PREVENTING SUCKING.

around the cow, back of the fore legs, put on a buckle and loop and make it long enough so you can lengthen it if necessary. Rivet a ring, say three or four, inches in diameter, on surcingle. Rivet the ring on so you can use a stick not too heavy, about five feet long. Run this stick through ring, have a snap fastened on end of stick and snap to latch lead ring. The ring on surcingle should be about even with latch lead ring on halter. Put stick on left side of cow so that it will be out of the way when milking.

Saline Co., Kan. H. W. Pfalzgraf.

"They say that electricity is a sure antidote for the sting of bees," said an electrical enthusiast.

"Yes, I've tried it," said the student.

"Really? How did it work?"

"Well, I've stung me and it hurt so that I applied the electricity. After that I went over and sat down on a hornet's nest to see if I couldn't get over the effects of the cure."—Detroit Free Press.

A WALKING GALLOWS

LIEUT. HEPESTALL WHO HUNG MEN FROM HIS OWN NECK.

This Notorious Individual Was an Apothecary in Dublin—A Man of Splendid Physique, Six Feet and Two Inches Tall—Died in 1804.

Among the examples and records of British tyranny during the terrible year of 1798 there is none more extraordinary, according to a writer in an English magazine, than that of Lieut. Edward Hepestall, known by the nickname of "The Walking Gallows," for such he certainly was, literally and practically.

This notorious individual, who had been brought up as an apothecary in Dublin, obtained a commission in the Wicklow militia, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant in 1795. He was a man of splendid physique, about six feet two inches in height and strong and broad in proportion. Referring to this handsome but brutal giant, Sir John Harrington, in his "Memoirs," states:

"I know him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty, but so cold-blooded and eccentric an executioner of the human race never yet existed."

"At the outbreak of the sanguinary rebellion, when the common law was suspended and the stern martial law flourished in its stead, Lieut. Hepestall hit upon the expedient of hanging on his own back persons whose physiognomies he considered characteristic of seditious tenets. At the present day the story seems most incredible, but it is a notorious fact, revealed by the journalism of the day, that when rebels either suspected or caught red-handed, were brought him, Hepestall would order the cord of a drum to be taken off, and then rigging up a running noose, would proceed to hang each in turn across his athletic shoulders until the victim had been slowly strangled to death, after which he would throw down his load and take up another.

"The 'Walking Gallows' was clearly both a new and simple plan and a mode of execution not nearly so tedious or painful as a Tyburn or Old Bailey hanging. It answered his majesty's service as well as two posts and a crowbar. When a rope was not at hand, Hepestall's own silk cravat, being softer than an ordinary halter, became a merciful substitute.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant most frequently administered an anesthetic to his trembling victim—in other words, he would first knock him silly with a blow. His garters then did the duty as handcuffs, and the cravat would be slipped over the condemned man's neck.

Whenever he had an unusually powerful victim to do with Hepestall took a pride in showing his own strength. With a dexterous lunge of his body the lieutenant used to draw up the poor devil's head as high as his own, and then, when both were cheek to cheek by jowl, begin to wot about with his burden like a jolting cart horse, until the rebel had no further soliloquy about subversive affairs. It was after one of these trotting exertions, which had taken place in the barrack yard adjoining Stephen's Green, that Hepestall acquired the surname of "The Walking Gallows."

He was invested with it by the gallery of Crow Street theater, Dublin.

At the trial of a rebel in that city the lieutenant, undergoing cross-examination, admitted all the forementioned details of his method of hanging, and Lord Norbury, the presiding judge, warmly complimented him on his loyalty and assured him that he had been guilty of no act which was not natural to a zealous, loyal and efficient officer.

Lieut. Hepestall, however, did not long survive his hideous practice. He died in 1804. Owing to the odium in which he was universally held, the authorities arranged that his funeral should take place secretly, while a Dublin wit suggested that his tombstone would be suitably inscribed by the following epitaph:

Here lie the bones of Hepestall,
Judge, jury, gallows, rope and all.
—Baltimore Sun.

Simpson and Sulzer.

Jerry Simpson and William Sulzer of New York were at one time friends. They exchanged confidences and discussed ways and means by which the country might be saved from going to the demagogue how-ways, so to speak. One day Gen. Henderson of Iowa, approached Representative Amos Cummings of New York.

"What kind of a man is Sulzer of New York?" he asked.

"What does he want?" said Cummings, by way of reply.

"Why, I have got an hour on such a measure, and Sulzer wants me to give him half of my time," said Henderson.

"Well," said Cummings, "Sulzer is my colleague, and it would be better for you, I think, to get an unbiased opinion of him. Go over and ask Simpson what he thinks of Sulzer; they have been as thick as thieves."

Henderson acted on this suggestion, and presently returned with a broad smile on his face. "Simpson says," he said, "that Sulzer is an all-around—"

The explanation of Simpson's hostility to Sulzer came later. It seems that when a certain matter was pending before the house Sulzer sought out Simpson and asked his views regarding it.

Mr. Simpson said that he expected to speak on the subject, and outlined his sentiments. Mr. Sulzer the next day took the floor ahead of Simpson and delivered the latter's speech.

Of course, Simpson was nonplussed, and naturally indignant. He did not speak on the measure himself, and from that time on his opinion of Mr. Sulzer was much more forcible than polite. "It was a dirty, mean trick," said Simpson, in referring to the matter.

"I thought that Sulzer was my friend, but he was a wily fellow. He is a first-class chump."—Washington Times.

To the culture along the Platte river in Nebraska is unique. In some places the river channel is seven or eight feet wide and is full of little sandy islands, where the water tables rise to a foot or more above the surface. Colorful birds are on these islands. The two are a sort of a red and an unimpaired beauty are said to exist there to a great extent.

"What on earth are you bringing all these umbrellas in here for?" asked Mrs. Van Fashion, as Mr. Van Fashion pulled into their bedroom with an armful of rain interceptors.

"Why, I thought that reception was due tonight."

"Yes, and you are afraid the guests will steal them, are you?"

"Not at all. I am afraid they will recognize them."—Life.

IRISH AT FONTENAY.

STORY OF THE FAMOUS CHARGE OF OILLON'S BRIGADE.

Victory Achieved From Defeat by the Valor of Dillon's Proud Irish Brigade—A Glorious Victory.

It might be supposed that the incidents of this famous battle have been sufficiently discussed and described to make them generally known, but the student of history, reading the English historian's account, is surprised to find no mention of Irishmen being at Fontenoy at all. The French historians, with a sentiment of national pride, wish to appropriate to their soldiers, as far as possible, the honor of one of their proudest victories.

It is well, then, to establish the simple facts by reference to such authorities as are beyond suspicion. In April,



"LET THE WHOLE IRISH BRIGADE CHARGE."

1745, Marshal de Saxe, commander of the French army, opened trenches before Tournay, Holland. This place was very strongly fortified and defended by a Dutch garrison of 9,000 men, and Saxe appeared before it with an army of 20,000 men. The allies determined to raise the siege, and the Duke of Cumberland, son of George I of England, took command of the allied forces—English, Dutch, Hanoverian and Austrian—numbering 55,000 of the finest troops in Europe.

On May 11, after severe firing of artillery on both sides from 5 in the morning till 9, the allies prepared to bring the contest to a decision. The Dutch and Austrians were on the enemy's left, opposite the French right, and destined to carry Antwerp, the English and Hanoverians in the center, with their infantry in front and cavalry in the rear, close by the wood of Baril.

The three divisions moved, greater success attending the center. At the head of 12,000 the Duke of Cumberland, aided by 20 pieces of cannon, forced his way into the French center. "There was one dreadful hour," says the Marquis d'Armenon, "in which we expected nothing less than a reversal of fortune, our men being saved by the steadiness of the enemy. Then it was that we began to despair of our cause."

Meanwhile the Duke de Richelieu, having proposed to recapture the formidable town, met with Colonel Lally, "in whom the devotion of the Irish brigade was not turned to account," and who, with due presence of mind to preserve, unlike others, that the unbroken progress of the column, since it had got beyond the artillery of the redoubt and village into the midst of the French, was clearly owing to its employment of cannon as well as musketry.

Lally suggested to Richelieu that cannon be used with the French musketry. "This battle," says the French historian Michelet, "was lost without remedy if the Irishman Lally, animated by his hatred against the English, had not proposed to break their column with cannon." As an "adroit contriver," continues Michelet, "the duke appropriated to himself the idea and the play of his success."

This move of the French proved of advantage for some time, but Saxe found that his batteries at Fontenoy had used all their balls and were only answering the enemy with discharges of powder. He believed the battle to be lost and sent several times to Louis XIV, entreating him to leave the field, but the king refused to do so. Marshal Saxe was now in mortal anxiety and thought the battle really lost when the Duke of Richelieu rode up and mentioned that the Irish brigade could be spared from where they were, and why not have them charge the enemy?

Saxe, riding to where Louis stood viewing the battle, again advised him to fly, but Louis addressed his general thus: "Can anything be done to preserve the honor of France?" Saxe answered: "Yes, my liege. There is a gallant, intrepid band, the Irish brigade, upon which my hopes rest."

Summoning Count Dillon, Saxe said: "Dillon, let the whole Irish brigade charge! To you I commit its conduct. Where Dillon's regiment leads the rest will follow. Let the Irish brigade show an example." "It shall be done," replied Dillon. "Victory!" cried Saxe. "Or death!" cried Dillon, and, placing himself in front of his brave men, he made a speech of corresponding vigor to his soldiers: "March against the enemies of France and of yourselves without fear! Let me have the points of your bayonets upon their bellies." After these patriotic words the Irish brigade advanced against the right flank.

"Saxe," adds an English writer, "France, has the English the point of the given rifle and the well known fair complexion of the Irish—soon as they saw the Irish brigade advancing against them with fixed bayonets and crying out to one another: 'Steady, boys! Forward! Charge!—too late they began to curse their cruelty, which forced so brave a people from their native country to seek their fortunes in every country and now brought forward in the field of battle to wrest from them both victory and life.'"

That portion of the British immediately opposed to the Irish were a choice body of men, and they had the advantage of being upon a rising ground, the ascent to which they were to sweep with their musketry, while the Irish brigade had to ascend and charge the occupants of the entrenchment without pulling a trigger.

The Irish being now rudely repulsed, the British prepared to give them that formidable repulse of bullets, which was reserved for the last moment, in order to be discharged with the more deadly effect. And by that time the Irish suffered accordingly. Count Dillon and his brother Arthur were slain at the head of the family regiment, and a large number of officers and soldiers were likewise killed or wounded.

But this did not arrest the impetuous determination with which their more fortunate comrades pushed forward to the cry, in the old Celtic tongue, of "Remember Llanvick and Saxon perfidy!" Without any volley in reply to the blaze of shot from the English the Irish brigade ran in upon the British with fixed bayonets, thrusting them into their faces. What follows is best described by Davis:

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Mighty against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their sword. 'Tis bloody now; their guns are filled with gore.
Through scattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, pushed, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillsides are matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous track,
While cavaliers and footmen dash in upon their track,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sky,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the fold is fought and won!

Of the 20 cannon belonging to the formidable allied column 15 pieces, with two colors, were among the recorded trophies of the Irish brigade. The first brigade of British foot guards, the best of England's soldiers, being specially noticed as losing a pair of colors and two horses.

Such was the conduct of the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, where it is evident, as at Cremona, 43 years before, what they did to gain the day was of such consequence that but for them it would have been lost.

After the victory Louis caused his army to be rearranged and, leading it 700 yards beyond the ground occupied by the enemy, had it drawn out for review. The king rode through the ranks, bestowing on the several corps the praises which they merited.

As the royal cortege approached the Irish brigade the dauphin ran forward to the brave Lally, who, having been the first to enter, sword in hand, the enemy's column on its right, was wounded, though slightly, and was sitting on a drum in front of the shattered remains of his brave regiment, leaving on each side of him several English officers whom he had disabled and made prisoners.

The dauphin, announcing to Lally the favors intended for his regiment by the king, Louis then ordered Lally to advance in front of the army, nominating him brigadier on the field. The king and royal cortege then went through the camp of the Irish and thanked each corps, one after another, for the service it had rendered to France.

The allies lost 9,000 men, including 2,000 prisoners, and the French 5,000. Fontenoy cost the Irish brigade dear. The gallant Dillon was killed, with

one-fourth of the officers and one-third of the rank and file, but the immediate consequences to France were immense. When George II heard of the defeat of the English, he exclaimed:

"Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects!"

Throughout France the Irish brigade was honored in every way possible. When the news reached England, a spirit of animosity toward the Irish brigade for its triumph at Fontenoy was evinced. By way of retaliation an act was passed that all Irish soldiers and officers that had been in the service of France since Oct. 8, 1745, should be disabled from holding any real or personal property and that any real or personal property in possession, reversion or expectancy should belong to the first Protestant discoverer—Irish-World.

"I feel as if I had wheels in my head," groaned the man.

"I must be the truck you ate for dinner," rejoined his wife, innocently enough.—Detroit Journal.

Old man Brigham Bowersox declares that he will run for Congress against Brigham Roberts next time, said one Utah man to another. "He says he can beat Robert's record all day long."

"What's Bowersox's record?"

"Seventeen wives."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Will Run Ahead.

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He Will Run Ahead.

"I notice that one of the handwriting experts in the Moloney murder trial is a rather of fancy fowls."

"That makes him familiar with the style of handwriting that looks like hen scratches, I suppose."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ahead of all Competitors.

Piny Pectoral

A Perfect and Safe Remedy for the Cure of

Coughs, Colds, Croup.

A quick cure at a small price. Guaranteed to do as advertised or money refunded.

Large Bottles 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., Prop's Piny Pectoral, Ltd.,

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts., New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,

C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. ARMY & NAVY

TABLET CO., 17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at 16 Callendar Avenue.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woollens,

comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic markets, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

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An Exceptional Opportunity

AN EXCELLENT LITTLE

UPRIGHT PIANO

In good repair for \$70, \$10 down and \$5.00 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

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124 1/2 Thames Street.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

SUNDAY CALLS.

The charge for calls for baggage on Sundays between the hours of 7 a. m. and 6 p. m., will be double the regular rate.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 31 Bellevue Avenue, BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

E. B. HARRINGTON,

Treasurer and General Manager.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MAN'Y

BEAR OF POST OFFICE

Blank Books, wholesale or retail, on hand or made to any desired pattern. Book Binding, Paper Binding, Edge Binding, Gift Lettering, Machine Perforating and Paper Cutting. H. M. COLEMAN & CO., 111 Broadway, New York.

These Capsules are a boon to the sufferer from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, etc. They are a safe and reliable remedy for all these ailments. They are a boon to the sufferer from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, etc. They are a safe and reliable remedy for all these ailments.

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Spring 1899.

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Brooks Avenue, Whitwell Avenue,

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with the desirable qualities combined in our

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F. H. CHILD,

22 THAMES STREET.

Boots!

Calf Boots,

Kip Boots,

Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,

Wool Boots,

Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLMS,

125 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

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Shop and Good Will

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be carefully observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mailed queries are brief and consistent with the facts. 4. Letters are sent to contributors or to be forwarded, must be sent to the editor of the Mercury, and accompanied by the name of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: B. H. HARRIS, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, 1750-1900.

NEW LONDON, February 26, 1779.—Last week a privateer belonging to the enemy, was driven ashore near Sachem's Head by a gale of wind. She had, a few days ago, taken Capt. Giles Sage in a sloop bound to this port from the West Indies, with a valuable cargo on board. The privateer, on taking Capt. Sage, took him and people on board; who on this occasion have got their liberty.

Wednesday morning a fleet of above 30 sail of shipping, from the westward went down the Sound.

Wednesday evening the privateer brig Nancy, Captain Pinkham, returned into port from a cruise.

By Capt. Pinkham we learn that Capt. Killings, in the ship Governor Trembly, lately landed a party of men on the island of Tobago, and unfortunately left two men killed and twenty-six made prisoners.

The whaleret Revenge, Captain Channing, has taken off Point Judith, and brought into Stonington, a sloop from Sag Harbor, bound to Newport, laden with wood and provisions. Died at Groton, Mrs. Ledyard, consort of Ebenezer Ledyard, Esq.—Connecticut Gazette, Feb. 26, 1779.

NEWPORT, October 17, 1780.—Yesterday seignight arrived here from Philadelphia, his Excellency the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Minister Plenipotentiary from the court of France to these States. On Tuesday last departed this life in the 70th year of his age, Mr. William Coddington, of this town: A gentleman who has sustained the office of Town Clerk for upwards of forty years with great integrity and to universal satisfaction. His remains were interred on Thursday last.

Last Saturday evening came on a storm, with the wind at N. E., which blew exceeding hard for five or six hours, but happily very little damage was done to the shipping in the harbor, except one transport, which was forced on shore at Borton's Neck.

By a gentleman just arrived in town from head-quarters, we are informed that Major Andre, the late British spy, was executed there, at 12 o'clock, Monday last. We likewise learn that the trial of Mr. Smith, his conductor, was deferred for a few days.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

PROVIDENCE, October 5, 1780.—By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from New London, we are informed that Capt. Hart, of Saybrook, in Connecticut, being out on a cruise, in a private sloop, on Saturday, one day last week, ran in to Sandy Hook, to see Admiral Rodney's fleet; he passed the gun-ship under English colors; soon after which, being but a few miles from Admiral Rodney's ship, he discovered a sloop coming down with a number of soldiers on board, bound to relieve a guard at Sandy Hook Point; as soon as they were within gun-shot, he refused them to come on board, but they refused and attempting to run away, he ordered a few of his marines to fire into the sloop, and knocking open one of his gun ports threatened to sink her, on which they came along side, and Capt. Hart took the prisoners on board, consisting of a captain, lieutenant, and 40 privates, of the New Jersey volunteers, with whom and the prize Capt. Hart arrived at New London Saturday last.—Newport Mercury, Oct. 9, 1780.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

FROM OLD NEWPORT MERCURY.

(Continued.)

Sylvester, Joseph, Esquire, died last Wednesday, aged 57 years. MERCURY of July 17, 1769.

Sessions, Nathaniel, father of Hon. Darius Sessions Governor of Rhode Island, died at Pomfret, Conn., aged 90 years. MERCURY of October 14, 1771.

Stoddard, Thomas, of Salisbury, Middlesex, died December 17, 1772, at West Indies, aged 21 years.

Scott, John, Newport, R. I., died May 24, 1773.

Stafford, Joseph, Tiverton, R. I., a celebrated astrologer, died last week. MERCURY of May 31, 1773.

Shearman, Abraham, Dartmouth, Mass., died June 19, 1773.

Sherrwood, Joseph, Colonial Agent at London, died June 1, 1773. MERCURY of August 16, 1773.

Seabury, Captain Benjamin, Little Compton, R. I., died September 11, 1773, aged 60 years. MERCURY of October 4, 1773.

Simon, Hannah, wife of Captain Peter, daughter of Rowland Robinson, Esq., South Kingstown, R. I., died October 30, 1773, aged 26 years. MERCURY of November 1, 1773.

Stanhope, Ralph, Newport, R. I., died January 3, 1774.

Stacey, Joseph, died Newport, R. I., March 11, 1774, aged about 76 years.

Stanton, Mr. Benjamin, died last Tuesday. "Found in gully near Baker's Spring, with head cut." MERCURY of April 25, 1774.

Stanton, Miss Content, Newport, R. I., died May 16, 1774.

Smith, Isaac, and Betsey Stoddard, both of Middlebury, N. I., married last Thursday. MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Smith, Mrs. Sarah, "mother of Isaac above, died about the same time." MERCURY of May 30, 1774.

Shearman, Jabez, died last Thursday Seignight, at Dartmouth, Mass., aged 73 years. MERCURY of July 11, 1771.

Sowle, Miriam, wife of Captain Henry, died Newport, R. I., August 8, 1774.

Stoneman, Abigail, of Newport, R. I., and Sir John, Knight of Malta, Captain of Cavalry, in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, married at Hanington, September 5, 1774.

Sisson, Mrs., wife of Robert, died May 29, 1775.

Stiles, Elizabeth, wife of Reverend Ezra, died this morning, aged 44 years, Newport, R. I., MERCURY of May 29, 1775.

Sherman, Elisha, died September 18, 1775, Newport, R. I.

Stevens, David, of Thomas, "drowned last Tuesday, from boat capsizing."

aged 14 years. MERCURY of October 2, 1775.

Sweet, Ruth, widow of Captain George, Newport, R. I., died February 2, 1782.

Sherman, Katharine, wife of Captain Ebenezer, Newport, R. I., died February 9, 1782.

Sherrman, —, widow of Elisha, Newport, R. I., died July 6, 1782.

Spencer, Polly, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stanton, Nabby, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Staff, John, drowned by upsetting of a boat, Newport, R. I., July 13, 1782.

Stanford, Ann, widow of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died September 23, 1782, aged 73 years.

Stiles, Rev. Ezra, and Mrs. Mary Cheekley, widow of late William, Esq., Providence, R. I., "married" name Cranston, married November 2, 1782.

Swintburne, Thomas, Newport, R. I., died "in a fit," May 21, 1784, very old.

Strive, Mary, widow of late John, Portsmouth, R. I., died July 11, 1784, aged 60 years.

Stanhope, Henry, British Navy, and Peggy Mallone, daughter of Captain Francis, Newport, R. I., married August 23, 1784.

Stevens, Joseph, Newport, R. I., died November 8, 1784.

Seymour, Frederick, Esq., Merchant, Island of Grenada, and Bridget Almy, of Tiverton, R. I., married December 2, 1784.

Sayles, Captain David, and Silence Whipple, of Captain Stephen, Smithfield, R. I., married March 6, 1784.

Smith, Benjamin, Bristol, R. I., died April 10, 1784, aged 67 years.

Stiles, Ezra, Esq., of Rev. Ezra, At-torney, North Carolina, died October 16, 1784, aged 25 years.

Shearman, Peleg, and Avis Thurston, of Samnet, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1784.

Sheldon, Daniel, and Deborah Bailey of Constant, Newport, R. I., married December 11, 1784.

Smith, Mrs., wife of Stephen, Bristol, R. I., died January 22, 1785.

Stanhope, Edward, and Polly Stall, of William, married February 5, 1785.

Shearman, Benjamin, Portsmouth, R. I., died March 5, 1785.

Stevens, John, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died May 7, 1785.

Sayer, Sarah, wife of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., May 10, 1785, aged 43 years.

Sherburne, Colonel Henry, and Catherine Tweedy, widow of William, Newport, R. I., married May 25, 1785.

Steady, Captain Thomas, Newport, R. I., died July 9, 1785.

Slason, Mary, wife of Gideon, Newport, R. I., died July 2, 1785.

Stevens, Fanny, of Thomas, Newport, R. I., died at Newport, September 14, 1785, aged 39 years.

Saltonstall, —, son of Gordon, of New London, Conn., died at the residence of Thomas Munn, Esq., Norwich, October 8, 1785, aged 77 years.

Sanford, William, of Giles, Newport, R. I., died at sea, October 15, 1785.

Spaulding, Edward, Cheekmaker, Providence, R. I., died December 26, 1785, aged 54 years.

Stratton, —, son of Elisha, Portsmouth, R. I., died May 22, 1786, aged 16 years.

Strange, Lott, Portsmouth, R. I., died June 6, 1786, aged 57 years. "He married first Hannah Hathaway, of Freetown, Mass., and had 15 children; second, Mary Tripp, of Abial, Portsmouth, R. I., and had two children."

Spencer, Benjamin, Esq., and Betsey Cornell, of George, Newport, R. I., married August 7, 1786.

Sayer, Joshua, and Betsey Davis, of William, Esq., of Newport, R. I., married August 25, 1786.

Shawm, Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died August 31, 1786, aged 70 years.

Streeter, Rev. Adam, Smithfield, R. I., died September 4, 1786.

Sheldon, William, and Esther Clavitt, South Kingstown, R. I., married January 21, 1791.

Sweet, Abigail, widow, Newport, R. I., died February 4, 1791.

Stevens, Captain William, late of Newport, R. I., died at Alexandria, Virginia, February 1, 1791.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

977. BARBER, SHERMAN—Peleg Barber, of Thomas and Mary (Barney) Barber, of Thomas and Avis (Cannier) Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Ward) Barber, both died —? married Isabel Sherman. Whose daughter was she? I think she had a sister Sally. Would be pleased to learn the dates of her birth, marriage and death. Her first child Thomas was born in Hopkinton, R. I., October 24, 1783, followed by ten others, between 1783 and 1802.—B. J. P.

978. TANNER, BARBER—Whose daughter was Avis, who married Thomas Barber, of Moses and Susannah (Ward) Barber? It has been given as Tanner. Can it be confirmed?—B. J. P.

979. PECKHAM, HATHAWAY—Reuben Peckham, son of Timothy and Dinah (—) Peckham, of John and Sarah (—) Peckham, of John and Elmer (—) Peckham, married December 18, 1780, Patience Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass. They had children recorded: 1. Ruth, born September 5, 1781; 2. Patience, born February 19, 1782; 3. Timothy, born November 6, 1784.

I should like to know if there were others. Was this Reuben Peckham the man that removed from Dartmouth, Mass., and purchased land in Stonington, Conn., in 1748-49?—B. J. P.

980. RING, HOPKINS—Deborah Hopkins, daughter of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact, was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1622, and married in 1648, Andrew Ring, who was a child when his mother's will was made, in 1651. It is said they had a daughter Mary.

Can any one tell me whom she married, and when? I should like to learn the dates of her birth and death.—E. M. T.

981. BRACKETT, DRAKE—Anthony Brackett, son of Anthony, of Portsmouth, N. H., married first Ann Mitten in 1679, and second, Susanna Drake, daughter of Abraham and Jane (—) Drake. Can any one tell me what the maiden name of Jane (—) Drake was, and anything about her parentage and family?—M. R. S.

982. LAMBERT—Can any one give me the parentage of John Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., who died July 30, 1727? What was his wife's name, and who were her parents? Where did she live? Any information concerning her family gratefully received.—S. C.

983. WHITE—Who was Mary, wife of Joseph White, of Taunton, Mass., who died 1673, married Elisha —, Would like dates of her birth and death, and her parentage and maiden name. He was of Charlestown, Mass., and his wife came from England in 1654, and was received into the Church at Charlestown.—C. Y. M.

984. BAXTER—Edward Baxter, no dates of birth, marriage or death had daughter Mary, who married Gilbert Stoughton, of Thomas, Gilbert Thomas Stoughton emigrate from England? Can any one give me the dates?—W. F. L.

985. NILES, KENYON.—If J. F. S. S. is quite sure of his dates, I cannot place Hannah Niles, if she was married 1735, she must have been born 1715 at most. This would place her in the third generation. There is no Hannah in this generation with the exception of Hannah, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary, and she was born 1725, and married Benjamin Redman, and as he lived to be one hundred years of age, and she was the mother of seven daughters, she is out of the question.

Also, if Samuel Rogers, father of Mary who married David Kenyon, was born 1726, he would have been but a few years younger than his son-in-law,

David Kenyon, born June 24, 1738. In the Richmond records William Kenyon and Hannah Niles married March 9, 1755. Their son David was born June 20, 1759. Now this Hannah would belong in the fourth generation and could have been the daughter of Ebenezer and Sarah Kenyon (2d wife) Niles. Ebenezer and Sarah were married 1750. He died 1748. Though I can find no record of her birth, this is probably the place, as these Kenyons and Niles were all from Richmond, R. I.

Samuel Rogers of Newport, (John James) married January 1765, Lydia Holmes. He had a son Samuel born about 1714, or he may have been 1726. There was a Samuel Rogers baptised 1728, a descendant of Thomas Rogers of the Mayflower. This name Rogers gives possibilities for the Mayflower ancestors.—G. E. R.

The Newport Naval Reserve company gave a New Year's dance at the state armory Monday evening.

Commanders and Mrs. Ellbridge T. Gerry arrived in this city Thursday evening.



BAKING POWDER

-Absolutely Pure-

The housewife will find the Royal Baking Powder indispensable in making finest foods. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

Royal Baking Powder is made from pure grape cream of tartar, the most healthful and pleasant of all fruit acids, and adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food.

Many low-priced imitation baking powders are on the market. These are made with alum, and cause indigestion. Avoid them, as alum is a poison, never to be taken into the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

She died about 1721, probably a little later. He died in 1724. He was the son of Nicholas White, of Taunton, Mass., and his wife Susannah Humphrey, of John.—S. C.

984. HACKER—Joshua Hacker, born 1730, died April 8, 1791, married about 1742, Martha —, born 1725, died December 16, 1797. Who was she? They lived in Salem, Mass., and Providence, R. I.—L. T.

985. ALBRO, POTTER—Dorothy Potter, widow of Nathaniel, married for her second husband, John Albro. She was born 1617, died 2, 1698. Can any one tell me her maiden name and parentage?—R. T.

986. SEALD, ALDRICH—Catherine Seald, born —, died about 1683, married, 9, 3, 1629, George Aldrich. Who was this Catherine Seald, and where did she come from? George Aldrich, born —, died 3, 1, 1683, lived in Dorchester, and later in Boston, Braintree, and Mendon, Mass. I should like the date of his birth, if possible. He came from Derbyshire, England, in 1631.—A. L.

987. LEARNED—Who can give me the date of William Learned's birth? He came from Hemmings, Surrey County, England, to Charlestown, and later lived in Woburn, Mass. He married Sarah —. What was her maiden name? He died 3, 1, 1646, and she died 1, 24, 1661. When were they married, and where? Was it in England? They had children: 1. Sarah, 2. Bethiah, born 1612, died —; 3. Mary, 4. Abigail, born 1615, died —; 5. Elizabeth, born 1621, died —; 6. Isaac. I should like to have the missing dates of death of the daughters.—B. N.

988. BUCKROT—Who was Peter Buckrot, born —, died about 1692, married Mary —, who was born —, died after 1692? Who was she? Any information concerning them, I should be grateful for.—T. R. E.

989. MELWARD—Who was the wife of Simon Melward, who died 1735. The Coat of Arms of his family may be seen in the Essex Institute Historical Collections. Can any one tell me in which volume it is, and if there is any information relating to the family?—H. B. M.

990. WHEELER—Thomas Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., married Margaret Wheeler, 4, 13, 1615. She was born —, died 1673. I should like to learn her maiden name and her parentage. Can any one help me? He was born —, died 1665. Would like missing dates supplied.—F. S.

991. CROWELL—John Crowell, born —, died 1673, married Elisha —. Would like dates of her birth and death, and her parentage and maiden name. He was of Charlestown, Mass., and his wife came from England in 1654, and was received into the Church at Charlestown.—C. Y. M.

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Tiverton.

The Court of Probate and Town Council met at the Town Hall Monday and after considering the fact that Jan. 1st was a legal holiday adjourned until the second Monday in the month.

D. D. Grand Warden George B. Lawton of Mariner's Lodge, N. E. O. P., installed the officers of Marlboro Lodge, N. E. O. P., at Newport Wednesday evening. Several members from Mariner's Lodge attended the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. White, guests of J. F. Barney and family for several months, left Tuesday for Pittsburg, Pa.

Bark Diver of New London, the first lighter to commence work on the new railroad bridge, has finished for the season.

George F. Nickerson left Tuesday on a business trip.

Ice is lying out on the ponds and is seven and eight inches in thickness.

Miss Harriet O. Manchester is seriously ill at her home with little hope of recovery.

Mr. H. A. Lane who has been connected with the engineering force in the building of the new railway bridge left Tuesday to fill a similar position at Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. David D. Humphrey have returned from their Christmas visit to relatives in Brooklyn.

Misses Grace and Fannie Wilcox gave a New Year's party to their friends Monday from 2 to 6 p. m. Guests were present from New Bedford and Adamsville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hawkins of Meriden, N. H., are visiting their son, C. W. Hawkins.

Nonquit Grange, P. of H., will install officers at their regular meeting Wednesday January 10. George E. Sisson of Portsmouth Grange has been invited to be the installing officer.

Mr. William Allen is able to be at his place of business after a week's illness.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Fall River for Newport—7:45, 7:55, 8:15, 8:35, 8:55, 9:15, 9:35, 9:55, 10:15, 10:35, 10:55, 11:15, 11:35, 11:55, 12:15, 12:35, 12:55, 1:15, 1:35, 1:55, 2:15, 2:35, 2:55, 3:15, 3:35, 3:55, 4:15, 4:35, 4:55, 5:15, 5:35, 5:55, 6:15, 6:35, 6:55, 7:15, 7:35, 7:55, 8:15, 8:35, 8:55, 9:15, 9:35, 9:55, 10:15, 10:35, 10:55, 11:15, 11:35, 11:55, 12:15, 12:35, 12:55, 1:15, 1:35, 1:55, 2:15, 2:35, 2:55, 3:15, 3:35, 3:55, 4:15, 4:35, 4:55, 5:15, 5:35, 5:55, 6:15, 6:35, 6:55, 7:15, 7:35, 7:55, 8:15, 8:35, 8:55, 9:15, 9:35, 9:55, 10:15, 10:35, 10:55, 11:15, 11:35, 11:55, 12:15, 12:35, 12:55, 1:15, 1:35, 1:55, 2:15, 2:35, 2:55, 3:15, 3:35, 3:55, 4:15, 4:35, 4:55, 5:15, 5:35, 5:55, 6:15, 6:35, 6:55, 7:15, 7:35, 7:55, 8:15, 8:35, 8:55, 9:15, 9:35, 9:55, 10:15, 10:35, 10:55, 11:15, 11:35,